

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

ESTABLISHED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

No. 115.—Vol. V.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1871.

[PRICE TEN CENTS.]



THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON.

## MORTON HOUSE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

## CHAPTER XXV.—MORTON'S CHOICE.

THE morning on which Miss Tresham left Annesdale was wearing into noon, when a note from Mrs. Gordon was brought to Mr. Annesley. It was written after her return from Tallahoma, and was brief, to the extreme of epistolary brevity.

"MORTON HOUSE, Friday morning.

"DEAR MORTON: Come to me as soon as possible—at once, if that be possible. I have something of importance to say to you. Yours,

"PAULINE GORDON."

Morton chanced to be standing near Irene Vernon when he read this, and his change of color at once struck that young lady, who was a very close observer.

"Nothing is the matter, I hope, Mr. Annesley?" she said, as he looked up and met her eye.

"N—o," answered he, a little hesitatingly. Then he glanced down at the note again, and went on: "Nothing is the matter, I hope; but I must go at once to Morton House. My cousin has sent for me."

"Oh, how provoking! What will become of our ride this afternoon?"

"I am obliged to ask you to defer it. You won't care, will you? I am very sorry, but"—

"But, if it must be done, that is an end of the matter. The weather may be as delightful to-morrow as it is to-day. At all events, don't consider me, if your cousin has sent for you."

"You are the embodiment of obliging goodness," said Morton, gratefully. Then, to the servant still standing by, "My horse."

While the horse was being brought out, the young man curbed his impatience as well as he could; and, to enable him to do so, took Miss Vernon partially into his confidence. He did not tell her all of Mrs. Gordon's story, but he told her enough to account for his abrupt departure, and to enlist her sympathy. After a while they wandered from this immediate subject to certain side issues.

"There is one thing that might console your cousin a little," said Miss Vernon, as they walked up and down the piazza, with the soft air and the bright sunshine all around them. "She has gratified the wishes and fulfilled the desires of her heart. It is not given to everybody to do that, you know. She must have tasted some sweets before the bitter came—ought not that to help her to resignation?"

"Would it help you, do you think?"

"I don't know—but it seems to me it would. Any thing is better than dull, even stagnation. A still day of leaden cloud is the dreariest thing in the world—don't you think so? Ah, how bright and beautiful it is to-day! If I knew that to-morrow would bring a blinding storm, I should still take the sunshine, and enjoy it while it lasted."

"You surprise me," said Morton, smiling. "I had no idea that you were such an epicurean. But," he added, more gravely, "you are mistaken. If you had ever known Mrs. Gordon, you would see that the lesson of her life is directly opposed to the sentiment you are advocating—a sentiment which has found its best expression in the words, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.' The lesson of Mrs. Gordon's life teaches with unusual force a thing which has almost grown trite in our ears—this is, that the gratification of our own wishes, and the fulfilment of our own desires, never brings happiness. Of course, we all think it would do so; and, since there are few of us who are free enough to test the matter, we go on to our lives' ends thinking so. But, in truth, when we see those who possessed the freedom which we lacked, and who marched forward to the goal of their own hopes, what is the result? Mrs. Gordon was one of those people, Miss Vernon; and, if you could see her, your own eyes would assure you that, for her, not only the end, but the very hour of fruition—If, indeed, there ever is an hour of fruition—was disappointment and bitterness."

"But, at all events, she has not merely existed—she has lived."

"You must give me your definition of life before I can grant you even that," he said, with a slight, grave smile. "Does life consist in

a certain amount of sight-seeing, a certain number of vicissitudes to be endured, a certain depth of emotion to be sounded? I know that the idea of the day runs somewhat thus, and that discontent is rife in many places, because some people declare that life is only worthy of the name when it has known these things. But it seems to me that minds which think thus, must reason very shallowly—else they could hardly fail to perceive that, by such a standard, they exalt the worst class of the world above the best. In their sense, who has lived most thoroughly, the saint in his cloister, the philosopher in his study, the great minds and hearts that solitude has nurtured in all ages, or the reckless adventurer, the wandering sybarite, the men who sound every scale of human life, and, dying, pass from human memory like the brutes that perish? Miss Vernon, will you tell me what you meant by saying that Mrs. Gordon had lived?"

"I meant exactly what you have condemned, Mr. Annesley. I meant that her existence has not been tame and stagnant, and cast in one groove; but that it has been like a varied drama, filled with many scenes and many emotions. In short—well, I express myself badly, but I think you know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do. You mean that, to you, her life seems like a picture, where the shades only heighten the effect; or, like a story, which would lose half its interest if it had no tragic incidents, or pathetic close. But the tragedy and the pathos are not poetical, but very bitter, when they come home to us in our own lives. If you will allow me to make a personal application of my meaning, I should judge from what you have said just now, and from many things which have gone before, that you find your life dull and tame—it may be, even weary. But does it never occur to you that this very life seems to others like one long sunny idyl of brightness and peace? Believe me, the chief secret of happiness—the only one, in fact—is content with that life, and mode of life, which has fallen to our portion. I don't mean that we can obtain this content by merely wishing for it," said the young man, with a wistful look on his face; "but we can gain it by fighting for it, and it is worth a battle. Forgive me, if I seem to be preaching to you," added he, with a smile. "I have very imperfectly expressed the thoughts your words suggested to me, but perhaps you can seize the idea through the rude garb in which I have clothed it. It has only come to me dimly and feebly, but there is a thrill about it which tells me that I am on the threshold of a great truth. Yonder is my horse, at last. Now my prosing is at an end. Good-by."

"Good-by," echoed Miss Vernon, giving her hand, unconsciously, to the one he extended. "I did not know you thought this way," she went on, abruptly. "Your creed seems to me simple, and yet—I fear I am very morbid," she said, quickly. "You have done something to make me ashamed of it."

"You are a little morbid," said Morton, smiling. "You must forgive me if I tell you so, and you must also forgive me if I suggest the remedy. May I?"

"Of course you may."

"Forget yourself, then. I don't mean that you think of yourself a great deal," he went on, as he saw her flush; "but we are all prone to self-consciousness, and, in some natures, it fosters vanity; in others, a morbid habit of introspection which—pshaw! I am drifting into metaphysics, and I know you hate the stuff as much as I do. Once more, good-by. I am off for good, this time."

Miss Vernon stood on the piazza and watched him as he rode away. He looked very gallant and handsome; for, like most of his countrymen, he rode to perfection, and never appeared so well as on horseback. When he was out of sight, she smiled, to herself, with a mixture of archness and sadness. Seen just now, her face wore its very softest and sweetest expression.

"It is not hard to tell where he obtains his philosophy," she thought. "No doubt he is perfectly sincere in it, but it is amazingly easy to be resigned to success, and to be content when every desire of one's heart is gratified. The test will be when disappointment and failure come. If his philosophy helps him to bear that, it will be genuine, and worth practising. Will it help him to bear it, though? Who can tell?"

Regarded as an abstract question, who, indeed? Yet the time was fast approaching when the abstract question would assume practical shape, and when Miss Vernon's question would be answered in a way which Miss Vernon could not, at that moment, possibly have foreseen or imagined.

She was still standing on the piazza, still looking absently out on

\*ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

the bright landscape, still thinking of Morton's philosophy, and of the chances for and against his practising it, when Mrs. Annesley appeared at the open hall-door, and walked up to her.

"All alone, my dear?" she said, with a smile, in which the kindness for once was real. "I thought I saw Morton with you a few minutes ago?"

"You did see him with me a few minutes ago," Irene answered; "but he is gone now. Didn't you hear the tramp of his horse?"

"I heard the tramp of somebody's horse, but I had no idea that it was his. Where has he gone?"

"To Morton House, I believe."

"To Morton House!" The extreme of surprise appeared in Mrs. Annesley's face. "Why, what has taken him there? And so suddenly—without a word to me!"

"A note from Mrs. Gordon was the cause of his going," said Miss Vernon, carelessly. "He showed it to me, because he had an engagement to ride with me, which, in consequence of this, he was obliged to break."

"And what was in the note?"

"Only a few lines, begging him to come to her at once, on a matter of importance."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more at all."

"How very strange!" said Mrs. Annesley, with her color rising. "A matter of importance, and not one word to me—either from Pauline or Morton. My dear, excuse me, and don't think it is curiosity I feel—I am surprised, and, I confess, a little wounded, that I should be openly excluded from the confidence of my son."

"I don't think Mr. Annesley knew what Mrs. Gordon wants with him," said Miss Vernon, seeing the mischief she had unwittingly done, and being anxious to smooth the lady's ruffled plumes. "He seemed very much surprised, and, I am sure, he never thought—"

"That is just it," said Mrs. Annesley, a little bitterly. "Of course, he never thought—or perhaps he receives Pauline's confidence with the stipulation that it is to be kept from me. But we mothers must make up our minds to bear this," said she, recovering her usual manner by an effort. "As our children grow older, others supplant us in their hearts and minds, and we must endeavor to abdicate with a good grace. If we could only choose our successors, it would not be hard to do so," she added, drawing the girl's hand within her arm, with a smile.

"Dear Mrs. Annesley, you do your son great injustice," said Irene, speaking quickly. "No one will ever supplant you in his heart. I don't think you know how much he loves and admires you. It often makes me admire him to see it."

"You reconcile me to abdication, my dear," said the lady, smiling the same gracious smile. "Ah! if I can only choose my successor"—she broke off, as Irene colored and drew back a little. "Forgive me—I only meant to say that I am very happy if I am one link to draw you nearer to us. Shall we go in now? I am afraid you find it cold out here."

They went in; and no sooner was Mrs. Annesley able to make a retreat, than she retired to her own room, and rang for her maid.

"Get my wrappings, Julia," she said, "and order the carriage. Tell Sarah to have dinner an hour or two later than usual, for I am going to Morton House, and shall not be back at the ordinary time."

While his mother, at Annesdale, was preparing for her drive, Morton felt as if the ground had absolutely yielded beneath his feet, when Mrs. Gordon, who was in a state of strangely-passionate excitement, told her story at Morton House. After it was ended, she gave the reason that had made her send for him.

"I have been foolish enough to encourage you in your fancy for this girl," she said. "It was my duty, therefore, not to let you rest an hour in ignorance of her true character—not to fail to tell you at once that I consider her an adventuress of the most decided stamp. Morton, for Heaven's sake—for the sake of your name, your honor, and your friends—do not give another thought to her!"

"One moment," said Morton, who was pale, but reticent—evidently he meant to hear every thing, and say nothing that would commit him to any positive line of action—"you have not told me yet why you think this."

"Could I think it on better ground than that of her association

with St. John? You don't know—you can hardly imagine—what he is!"

"But is it just to judge her by him?"

"What could be more just, when there is evidently some link of familiar connection between them? Morton, put the case as if it regarded somebody else. What would you think of a woman who was on terms of—well, we will say intimate friendship, with a man than whom the lowest sharper is not more destitute of honor—with a man whose record is one that exiles him forever from the companionship of honest people?"

"She may not know this."

"Ask her if she does not! I am willing to risk every thing on her reply, for I think that circumstances have made it impossible for her to speak falsely. Ask her if she does not know who and what St. John is."

"You are right," he said, rising. "I will ask her. That is the straightforward and honest thing to do, after all. Don't think that I doubt you," he went on, looking at his cousin. "Don't think that I am ungenerous enough to blame you for what you have said. On the contrary, I thank you. I should certainly hear all that is said—if only that I may be able to answer it. You must forgive me that I cannot take any mere circumstantial evidence against her. It seems to me that I should be a very contemptible fellow, if I did."

"And you are going to her?" said Mrs. Gordon, bitterly. "Well—perhaps it may be best; but oh, Morton, don't be rash! Don't say anything that you may hereafter regret. Give me that much credence, at least."

He bent down, and kissed her cheek—smiling with an attempt at cheerfulness which went to her heart more surely than any pathos could have done. He was mad and foolish, she thought; he was about to risk the happiness of his whole life in the blind determination to trust to the last; yet, even while she felt impatient, she could not but be touched by his simple, steadfast fidelity. It had all the elements of the highest chivalry in it, though nobody could have known this as little as Morton himself. It was Mrs. Gordon who recognized it, and who, in the midst of her anxiety and irritation, felt suddenly thrilled by admiration. Still she could not but make one last effort.

"Morton," she said, catching his hand as he bent over her, "listen to me. I am much older than yourself, and, although I am a woman, my knowledge of the world is much greater. Besides, I am your cousin—the only Morton left, the only one of the name which hereafter you will have to represent. To see you what you are—to know you brave, and true, and loyal—has given more sunshine to my life than you would readily believe. If he lives, Felix's duties will be elsewhere—some day, therefore, this house must be yours. This has been my only comfort. Morton—remember that it was through my fault my father left here; it was my fault my brother never took his place. It is a horrible thing to see, when it is too late, a direct sequence of events—to know that one's own hand has set in motion a tide which ends by sweeping away every thing that life holds dear. This has been my lot. Don't add one more disappointment to it—one more bitter memory. Don't ruin your life, and tarnish your name, by marrying this woman."

The earnestness, the passion of her appeal, touched Morton deeply. He saw plainly enough that the question of his happiness was with her entirely subordinate to the question of family pride; but he sympathized with this sentiment sufficiently to feel its supremacy no hardship. In these times, the thought that any thing is of more importance than the gratification of a sentimental fancy is quite obsolete; but, in that day, a few people (and Morton was one of these people) clung to the old-fashioned idea that there were certain claims to be considered in such a case, certain higher duties than the duty of marrying and giving in marriage, certain principles to be observed, and, if any or all of these things clashed with love, then love must give way. We of the present period know better than that. Having the grand advantage of modern enlightenment, we know that the first duty of every reasonable human being is a duty to self. And as selfishness generally culminates its strength in love—not divine love, which takes us out of ourselves into something higher, but that passion bearing its name, which is of the earth earthy—no love must needs be taught to override all the grand old watchwords of Faith, and Honor, and Duty. But, as we have said, Morton was not of this day. The jargon of the new school of moralists would have been a foreign language to his ears. The conception of sacrifice—the conception which is the key-note of



every nature which deserves to be called noble—had always been familiar to him, had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. As far as he was concerned, he was ready to put his own wishes down under his feet for the sake of any thing that had a right to demand the offering; and, reared as he had been, the name that he bore was one of these things. No sacrifice could be counted too costly that would help to keep it pure and untarnished.

Regarded from this point of view, his course seemed clear—but then there was another side to the question, or else all this explanation need not have been written. To Morton, life had always seemed a very simple thing, and he had never had much sympathy with those who professed to find it otherwise. "The path of duty is always clear and straight," he said, "and, if we follow it, we can't possibly go wrong. The people who are involved in moral difficulties, generally make them for themselves." Now the time had come for him to learn—as everybody who deals in such fluent generalities sooner or later must learn—that life is, after all, a very complex tissue, and that, without being addicted to the dangerous pastime of splitting hairs, we may find ourselves on the horns of a moral dilemma, and be honestly and seriously puzzled thereby. Two duties were clashing with him now, and the young man felt sorely uncertain as to which had the strongest claim to his respect. On the one side was the name to which a gentleman owes his first duty. On the other, that principle of steadfast fidelity which every tradition of his creed, and instinct of his nature, made a solemn obligation. Moved as he had been by Mrs. Gordon's passionate appeal, he was not yet ready to set this aside as naught—not yet ready to believe that the higher duty conflicted with it.

He walked away to the window, and stood there looking out. Before him lay the broad Morton fields, and the distant shadowy Morton woods. Above him was the roof which he had just heard Mrs. Gordon declare might some day be his own—at a little distance from him sat the woman rendered so sadly desolate by her own folly, the woman who had appealed to him in the name of family honor, who had bared her heart to him, and prayed him to spare her another cruel blow. Here it would have seemed as if every influence weighed heavily in one scale—as if here the side which all these things represented surely must prevail. Yet here his heart spoke to him as it had never spoken before. Here Katharine Tresham's face rose before him with a pathos and a beauty which the face itself had never owned. Suddenly the passion which he had heretofore so steadily curbed, so sternly kept obedient to his will, rose up in revolt, and swept over him in a great wave that fairly startled him. A voice seemed to speak in his ear, and to say: "If you give her up in this way, you are a dastard!" It was in obedience to this voice that he turned at last to answer Mrs. Gordon.

"Until I have seen Miss Tresham, I cannot tell what I will do," he said. "I can only say that I will try to act as seems to me right. Many things have conspired to perplex me of late; and, at this moment, I am only certain of one thing—that I will not give her up! I will trust her until she herself proves or disproves your opinion of her; and I should not deserve the name of gentleman if I did not do so."

"This is your decision?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"This is my decision," he answered.

Something like a faint smile of pity came to the lips of the woman who had gone her way, and who now looked back on the results of it.

"We are all alike," she said. "Every one of us must needs run our own course of folly, and wreck our lives according to our own fancy. I suppose it is useless to reason with you; and I, of all people, have no right—save the right of sad experience—to bid you stop and consider. Yet"—she paused a moment—"yet I fancied you would be different. I fancied you would rate the duty you owe to your name above your passion for a woman's face."

"And I thought you would understand me better," he answered, quickly. "I thought you would believe that I do rate it above every thing excepting my duty to God, and that if my love for Katharine Tresham clashed with it, I would sacrifice that love without an instant's hesitation."

"If it clashed with it?"

"Yes, if it clashed with it. You must pardon me that I say 'if'—but your opinion is only your opinion, you know; and, in a matter which concerns the happiness of my whole life, I cannot accept any thing but positive evidence."

"One word more," said Mrs. Gordon, as he extended his hand to

bid her good-by. She did not take the hand, but rose to her feet, holding her own tightly pressed against her heart. "You will not misunderstand what I am going to say, I am sure; you will not think that I mean to influence you by any thing so foolish, and (from me) so impertinent as a threat," she went on. "But I think it right to place before you the consequences of the step you seem determined to take. Morton, that woman is allied in some way to the man who helped to ruin my life and to murder my brother. If you make her your wife, you can never be master in this house."

She spoke quietly, but in a moment she saw that she had spoken unwisely. Her warning certainly had much of the nature of a threat in it, and the man must be cold-blooded, indeed, who, in a matter of this kind, submits to be threatened.

"You might have spared me this," said Morton, with more *la-tour* than he intended. "My resolution with regard to Miss Tresham did not need a spur; and your own experience might tell you whether my sense of family obligation is likely to be increased or diminished by the knowledge of such a penalty. I see that I had better go," he added, after a short pause. "You have wounded me, and I may pain you, if I remain any longer. Forgive me if I have seemed abrupt or ungracious. I—this has been a harder struggle than you think."

She let him go in silence. But after the last echo of his step had died away, the reason of this became evident. She sat down, and a rush of tears came through the thin, white fingers which covered her face.

Half an hour later, Babette opened the door, and brought in a card.

"The lady is in the drawing-room, and insists on seeing madame," she said.

"I can see nobody," answered Mrs. Gordon, languidly. Still she extended her hand, and took the bit of pasteboard. She started when she read Mrs. Annesley's name.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—MR. MARKS ASSERTS HIMSELF.

MRS. MARKS's doubt of what "Richard" would have to say on the subject of Miss Tresham's flitting, proved to be well founded. When the cashier came home to dinner, and heard his wife's eager recital of the events of the morning, he looked decidedly grave. The mention of Mr. St. John recalled Mr. Warwick's opinion of that gentleman, and for Mr. Warwick's opinion nobody entertained a greater respect than his brother-in-law. Then Mrs. Gordon's warning seemed to Mr. Marks a much more important matter than it had seemed to his wife.

"Mrs. Gordon would never have spoken in that way without some cause," he said, when Mrs. Marks told her story. After this, came the news of Miss Tresham's sudden departure—at which Mr. Marks startled his wife by the astonishment of his face.

"Gone!" he said. "Gone, just at the close of the holidays, and before she had been in the house more than a few hours! What is the meaning of it?—what did she say was the meaning of it?"

"I—really, I believe she only said she was going to Saxford," answered Mrs. Marks, decidedly taken aback. "She asked me if I had any objection, and I told her no. I thought a day or two would not matter about the children, and it never occurred to me that you would mind it."

"I mind it, because I don't understand it," said Mr. Marks, with the same unusual gravity. "It don't look well for Miss Tresham to be neglecting her duties in this way; but, as you say, a day or two wouldn't matter—if a day or two's loss of time was all. What does matter, is some explanation of this strange conduct. Think, Bessie! Did she tell you nothing about why she was going to Saxford?"

"She did not tell me a word," said Mrs. Marks, looking and feeling a little crestfallen. "She came in here in a great hurry, just as Tom was setting the table, and asked me to lend her some money, as she had none, and wanted—Why, Richard, what on earth is the matter?"

There was reason enough for asking the question. Mr. Marks's eyes opened wide on his startled wife, and the expression of his face fully warranted her surprise. When she broke off in this way, his lips had already formed an exclamation.

"She asked you for money!" he repeated, hastily. "Bessie, there must be some mistake! Are you sure she asked you for money?"



"Of course I am sure! How could I be mistaken?"

"And did you lend her any?"

"Of course I did—I lent her ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!"

The cashier's astonishment seemed to have reached the utmost extreme possible to that emotion. He walked up and down the floor, then came back and stood before the fire, looking down into the glowing coals.

"This is the strangest thing I ever heard of!" he said, at last. "I confess I don't understand it."

"What is the matter?" demanded Mrs. Marks, who was, in her turn, excited by curiosity. "What is strange?—what is it you don't understand? Why shouldn't Miss Tresham ask me to lend her some money?"

Her husband turned and looked at her.

"The simple reason why Miss Tresham should not have asked you to lend her some money is, that I paid Miss Tresham no less sum than a thousand dollars no longer ago than last Tuesday."

"Richard!"

"Her receipt is at the bank to show for it," said Mr. Marks; "and now—on Friday—she comes to you to borrow ten dollars! It is very strange conduct, to say the least of it."

"A thousand dollars! Good gracious! What do you think she could have done with it?" cried Mrs. Marks, all in a flutter. "She certainly said she didn't have any money, and she certainly took two five-dollar notes from me. Richard, what on earth could she have done with it?"

"That is more than I can pretend to say," answered her husband. "But one thing is certain—I don't like the look of matters. When Miss Tresham drew that money, she was very particular about requiring gold. Then she wrote a note in the bank, and had a meeting in the parlor across the passage, with this St. John. After that she went away, and Warwick came in. The first thing he told me was that the man—St. John, I mean—was an unprincipled scoundrel; and, though he did not give me his reasons for saying so, he spoke in a manner which showed very plainly that he had reasons, and good ones, for the opinion. I confess that, at the time, I didn't pay much attention to the matter; but, looking back now, it seems to me more serious. After what has happened to-day, I feel uneasy—I feel certain that something is wrong."

"Not with Miss Tresham, Richard—I'm sure there's nothing wrong with Miss Tresham."

"What do you know about Miss Tresham, Bessie? You may forget, but I don't, that we engaged her when she was an entire stranger to us, and that, after living with us two years, she is, as far as her own affairs are concerned, as much a stranger as ever."

"But you know how nice she is!" said Mrs. Marks, indignantly. "You know all that she has done for the children, and—and all that she has done for me. You liked her yourself, Richard—you know you did!"

"I like her now," said Mr. Marks, with that stolid masculine coolness which some men possess in superlative degree, and which is, to the feminine mind, the most exasperating thing in the world. "But what has that got to do with the matter? I'm not talking about liking her. I'm talking about her drawing that money, and borrowing ten dollars from you three days later—I am talking about her acquaintance with this St. John, and what Mrs. Gordon said of it—and I'm talking of her going away without a word of explanation, just as the holidays are at an end."

Mrs. Marks sat dumb. She was a good partisan; but even the best of partisans must have something besides mere opinion with which to oppose stated facts. On any one of these grounds, she was unable to say any thing for Miss Tresham. After a minute's silence, Mr. Marks resumed:

"One of two things must happen. Either Miss Tresham has gone away for good—than which, I confess I think nothing more likely—or else she will come back at the stated time. If she does come back, there must be an explanation required from her. I must know who Mr. St. John is, and on what footing he comes here. Otherwise, I may be sorry to part with her, but my duty is plain—she must go. I cannot keep a governess who acts as Miss Tresham has been acting lately."

So spoke the head of the household in his official capacity; and much as his wife's sympathy ranged on the side of the governess, she

could not deny that he spoke with reason. Miss Tresham's conduct certainly justified all that he said of it. Yet the unreasoning faith of Miss Tresham's advocate was not shaken for an instant. O wonderful instinct of woman! There is nothing like it in the world; and where it has taken one woman wrong, it has led a hundred thousand right. Yet there are people who would like to educate and "develop" it into a "reasoning faculty!" Why does not somebody come forward to paint the lilies of the field, and furnish us with patent improved sunlight, warranted to shine on every occasion?

Oblivious, for once, of his business duties in town, Mr. Marks was still standing before the fire, considering the perplexing subject which was on the domestic *tapis*, when there came a knock at the front door.

"There, now!" said Mrs. Marks, starting. "Of course it's somebody to see me—Mrs. Sloan, I expect—and what a sight I am! Go, Richard, please, and ask her into the parlor."

Mr. Marks obeyed, and, as he carelessly left the door open behind him, his wife heard him exchange a cordial greeting with the visitor; and then, without any warning, he came back, and ushered Morton Annesley into the dining-room, where the uncleared dinner-table stood in the centre of the floor—Mrs. Marks having been in such a fever of impatience to tell her story, that she had not allowed Tom to finish his duties.

"Oh, my dear!" she cried, in a tone of expostulation. But it was too late. Morton—who would have been none the wiser if there had been an elephant, instead of a dinner-table, in the middle of the floor—walked forward and shook hands with her.

"Pray don't speak of it," he said, when she began apologizing.

"I hope you don't consider me a stranger. Mr. Marks, at least, was more complimentary, for he asked me in at once. I hope you are well. I have not seen you for a long time—not since before Christmas, I believe. May I wish you a happy New Year, since we did not have an opportunity to exchange Christmas greetings?—Yes, Mr. Marks—the roads are quite heavy. That rain yesterday has made them muddy. My boots show it—don't they?"

People less clear-sighted than Mr. Marks and his wife might have perceived that the young man made these disjointed remarks very absently, that his eyes turned unconsciously toward the door, and that he started at every noise in the passage outside. They glanced at each other significantly, but were kind enough to take no further notice, and talked of indifferent things, until Morton himself came directly to the point, in his frank, somewhat boyish fashion. Mrs. Marks spoke of Miss Tresham's enjoyment at Annesdale, and Morton instantly caught at her name.

"I hope she did enjoy herself," he said. Then he added, quickly: "Is Miss Tresham disengaged just now?—I should like to see her, if she is. I am obliged to return to Annesdale very soon, and I am particularly anxious—"

He stopped short. The expression of Mrs. Marks's face warned him that something was wrong. He looked hastily from herself to her husband, and read the same expression still more strongly stamped on the masculine face.

"What is the matter?" he asked, impetuously. "Miss Tresham—"

Here Mrs. Marks interrupted:

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Annesley, that Miss Tresham is not at home. She left to-day for Saxford."

"Left!"

Morton was astounded. In a moment his mind ran over a terrible possibility—the possibility that there had been some misunderstanding between Miss Tresham and her employers, which had resulted in her leaving Tallahoma permanently.

"Left—for Saxford!" he repeated. "Mrs. Marks, what is the meaning of that?"

"Don't ask me, Mr. Annesley," said Mrs. Marks. "If my life depended on it, I could not tell you a thing more than just that—she has gone to Saxford. I am sure it didn't strike me as strange; but here's Richard has been talking about it, and—"

"It is very strange," said Richard, speaking for himself. "I don't pretend to understand it. I don't wonder you are astonished, Mr. Annesley. I was astonished myself when I came home and heard that Miss Tresham was gone."

"When will she be back?" asked Morton, catching at the first idea which presented itself to him.

"On Monday," answered Mrs. Marks, to whom the question was

addressed. "She said she would be back on Monday, Mr. Annesley, and I am sure she will come. Miss Katharine never breaks her word."

"But why did she go away?" asked Morton, impatiently. "Did she not tell you why she went?"

Mrs. Marks looked at her husband, and Mr. Marks looked at his wife. This time Annesley perceived the glance, and saw plainly that there was something in reserve which he was not to hear. Determined to know if any thing had happened after Mrs. Gordon left the house, he boldly broke the ice at once.

"I have been to Morton House and seen my cousin," he said. "I am aware of the unfortunate"—he stopped a moment, as if searching for a word—"the unfortunate discussion which took place this morning. Will you allow me to inquire if that discussion, or any thing resulting from it, was the cause of Miss Tresham's leaving Tallahoma?"

On this point Mrs. Marks professed utter ignorance, and she was going on to state every thing which she had already told to her husband, when Mr. Marks broke in:

"Since you have seen Mrs. Gordon, Mr. Annesley, I need not hesitate to say to you that I am seriously perplexed and uneasy about this affair of Miss Tresham. As I was telling my wife, just before you came in, there are more reasons than the reason of Mrs. Gordon's warning for distrusting Mr. St. John, and Miss Tresham's connection with him. You know her quite well, I believe: will you tell me if she has ever mentioned the man or any thing about him to you?"

Morton flushed. He remembered the eve of New Year, and the manner in which Miss Tresham had repulsed his first and last attempt to win her confidence. Oh, if she had only been frank with him, the young man thought, if she had only trusted him, and given him a right to speak for her! But she had not done this, and there was nothing for it but to answer Mr. Marks's question by the truth.

"She has never mentioned Mr. St. John's name to me," said he. "But I have never been in a position to receive her confidence."

"Hum!" said the cashier, significantly—looking the while at his wife, and smoothing with one hand his well-shaven chin. "I cannot find," he said, after a moment, "that Miss Tresham has ever mentioned Mr. St. John's name to any one; and, even after Mrs. Gordon's visit, she gave me no explanation of his purpose in coming here, or of her acquaintance with him. My own impression," added he, "is, that she has left Tallahoma simply to avoid giving this explanation."

"But when she returns on Monday?"

"When she returns on Monday—or, to speak more correctly, if she returns on Monday—I shall certainly endeavor to obtain this explanation. If I cannot obtain it, Mr. Annesley, my mind is made up—Miss Tresham must leave my house."

An indignant reply rose to Annesley's lips, but he had sense enough to restrain it—sense enough to see that he would do harm, instead of good, by uttering it. What business, after all, was it of his? What right had he to interfere in Mr. Marks's domestic affairs? Angry as he was, he asked himself this question, and accepted the obvious reply. During the minute which followed Mr. Marks's speech, nothing was said. Then Annesley rose, and began drawing on his gloves.

"If you will allow me, I will call again on Monday to see Miss Tresham," he said, with unusual formality. "I am sorry—very sorry that she has left Tallahoma. But, if you will excuse me, Mr. Marks, I would advise you to suspend judgment upon the matter until she returns."

Before Mr. Marks could reply to this advice, there came an interruption. The door opened, and Letty appeared. She addressed herself to her mistress.

"There's a gentleman out here to see Miss Tresham, ma'am, and he wants to know if you can tell him when she will be back."

"Miss Tresham will be back on Monday," answered Mrs. Marks. "Tell the gentleman—or, no, stop—My dear" (to Mr. Marks), "perhaps you had better see who it is, and speak to him yourself."

Mr. Marks went out, and Morton, after shaking hands with Mrs. Marks, followed him. At the front door they met St. John, whom Morton had seen once before, and the cashier never at all.

A glance was sufficient to show them that Mr. St. John was very decidedly out of temper. The face, which on occasions could be so bland and smiling, was now set and lowering in singularly marked

degree. It did not even lighten when he saw the two men who advanced toward him.

"Mr. Marks, I presume," he said, raising his hat as Mr. Marks came down the passage. Then, glancing at Annesley, he started, and bowed without any sign of recognition. For some reason, he evidently chose to ignore their previous meeting, and addressed himself solely to the master of the house.

"I have called to see Miss Tresham," he said, "and I am surprised to hear from your servant that she has left Tallahoma. Will you allow me to inquire if this is true?"

"It is true, sir," answered Mr. Marks, with business-like brevity.

"May I ask where she has gone, and when she will return?"

"She has gone to Saxford, and will probably return on Monday—at least she told my wife to expect her on that day."

A dead pause. An expression on Mr. Marks's face, and in Mr. Marks's attitude, which said: "Your questions are answered. Take leave." An expression on St. John's face of perplexed astonishment, and half-absent thought, which Annesley, watching him closely, felt sure was not assumed. He looked silently at his boots for a second, then glanced up again at the cashier.

"Excuse me," he said, "but this news is very unexpected—and surprising. When I was here this morning, Miss Tresham gave me no intimation of any such intention as this. Shall I trespass too much on your kindness if I ask you to inquire whether she left any message or note for me—that is, for Mr. St. John?"

"I can inquire, sir, but I do not think it is likely," said Mr. Marks, with the same forbidding civility.

He walked down the passage, and, without entering the dining-room, held an audible conversation with his wife.

"Bessie, did Miss Tresham leave any note or message for Mr. St. John?"

Reply of Mrs. Marks from behind the scenes: "Not a word, or a line, with me, Richard."

"You are sure of this?"

"I am perfectly sure. She never mentioned him."

"Miss Tresham has left nothing for you, sir," said Mr. Marks, returning to Mr. St. John. "I regret that I am not able to give you any further information about the reason of her departure."

"You can give me one item of further information," said St. John, manifestly proof against the plainest of hints. "Is Miss Tresham in the habit of going to Saxford?"

"She is in the habit of going there once a month or so."

"May I ask if she has any acquaintances there?"

"She goes, I believe, to see a Catholic priest," answered Mr. Marks. Then he lost patience, and showed it in a way very unusual with him. "You must excuse me, sir, if I decline to answer any more questions. Miss Tresham's private affairs are her private affairs; and, since she has been living in my family, I have never interfered with or inquired into them."

"Allow me to admire your discretion," said Mr. St. John, with the same bow which had once irritated Morton by its covert mockery. "I regret to have trespassed so long on your time and civility, and I have the honor to wish you good-day."

In another bow he included Annesley, and then went his way, leaving Mr. Marks with an angry sense of having had the worst of it.

"An insolent scoundrel!" said he, as soon as St. John was out of hearing. "What do you say, Mr. Annesley?" he went on, turning to Morton. "Don't you think that 'rascal' is written legibly on his face?"

"I don't especially fancy his face," said Morton; "but I should not like to say that any thing particular is written on it. One thing is certain," he went on, more slowly; "Miss Tresham's departure has taken him by surprise."

"That is to say, he looked as if it had," said Mr. Marks, who, what with Mr. Warwick's opinion, Mrs. Gordon's opinion, and his own discomfiture, was ready to believe the very worst of Mr. St. John. "Candidly, however, Mr. Annesley, I don't trust any thing about him."

"You think—"

"I think that I will follow your advice of a little while ago, and wait and see. Miss Tresham may come back on Monday. If she does, we can clear up matters speedily, and it is not worth while to trouble ourselves with conjectures."

"Meanwhile, however, you distrust Mr. St. John?"

"Meanwhile, I do most decidedly distrust Mr. St. John."

With this interchange of sentiment, the conversation ended. The two men walked to the gate together, and there separated—Mr. Marks going into town, and Annesley riding off in the opposite direction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## BERTHA'S LEGACY.

IT was a night in the month of January, cold, dark, and wet. The wind blew in fitful gusts, and the rain and sleet fell in torrents. Cabs were flying in all directions, and straggling groups of men and women, homeward bound after their day's labor, hurried along the deserted streets.

The boulevards, squares, and public thoroughfares of Paris, free from loungers and promenaders, wore an aspect of desolation that boded ill to the homeless poor.

In contrast to the inclemency out-of-doors, many happy families gathered closer around their glowing hearths, enjoying their comforts all the more that they were securely sheltered against the fury of the warring elements.

In the drawing-room of a splendid hotel, situated in a quiet quarter in the neighborhood of the Chaussée d'Antin, such a family was assembled.

A great fire shone and crackled in the chimney; gilt-bronze lamps, encrusted with enamels, shed a soft light throughout the apartment; a rich Gobelin carpet covered the centre of the bright-polished floor; and the elegant-furniture and costly ornaments, artistically arranged, were so many convincing proofs of good taste and ample means. M. Constantin, in fact, was exceedingly rich, and proud, because he was the artificer of his own fortune. Upright and cautious in all his dealings, he, after many years of successful operations, skilfully accomplished, found himself at the head of one of the largest banking-concerns in Paris, recognized as a sure guide in investments, and a competent authority in all things pertaining to finance. On the evening in question, M. Constantin was in excellent spirits. During the day, the balance-sheet showing the result of the previous year's operations was presented to him, the profits being larger than on any former occasion, so that he was thoroughly disposed to indulge in the good-humor of a prosperous and self-satisfied man. Reclining in his easy-chair, he was surrounded by his romping children, who listened to his amusing stories, which they frequently interrupted with their merry peals of laughter.

At this moment, outside, a very different scene was to be witnessed. A lonely woman stood motionless before the door, the umbrella over her head protecting her but slightly from the rain which streamed down her dress, forming a pool of water at her feet. After some minutes' hesitation, she mustered courage and knocked at the door with a trembling hand. A servant opened it, and, requesting her to be seated in the antechamber, informed her master that a woman wanted to see him on urgent business.

"A woman! What woman? what does she want?" asked the banker.

"She did not seem willing to give her name, but looks respectable, and has come all the way from La Chapelle to see you."

"From La Chapelle, such a night as this? Poor woman!" said Madame Constantin. "Has she a carriage?"

"Oh no, ma'am," replied the servant; "she has come on foot, and is drenched to the skin."

"Tell her to call at my place of business to-morrow," said the annoyed banker. "I cannot possibly be disturbed at home."

On observing an expression of interest and compassion flit across the face of his eldest daughter Bertha, who was in delicate health, he changed his mind, and went to see what his visitor wanted.

After an absence of ten minutes, he returned, visibly out of temper, muttering something about the impertinence of intruders.

On being asked by his wife what the stranger wanted, he said:

"Oh, the husband of this Madame Renaud is a bookseller, I believe; he has been foolish enough to stand surety for his brother, who owes me a few hundred francs, and is consequently embarrassed. She pretends that Renaud is in bad health, and cannot just now refund the amount, but wants me to accept it by instalments, which proposal I, of course, refused for one moment to entertain. I suppose she was trying to work upon my feelings when she told me that Renaud was

threatened with consumption, that she had a small family to bring up, that times were hard, and so forth."

"You could not, then, grant her the favor she asked?" chimed in his wife.

"By no means. It would be entirely contrary to the rules of business to which I mean to adhere. But do not let us trouble ourselves about the matter. Those people are always trying to impose upon the credulous, and generally pay when hard pushed.—Come along, Bertha, give us a tune upon the piano to change the subject.—What a stormy night this is!"

Bertha sat down at her father's desire; but while her back was turned to him an expression of sorrow clouded for a moment her pale face, and a tear fell upon the music-sheet in her hand. In her guileless simplicity she pitied the poor mother who had pleaded in vain for her sick husband and helpless offspring.

The charming Bertha sang, in a low, sweet voice, full of expression, her father's favorite songs, accompanying herself on the piano, and restored him to his wonted good-humor.

He was proud of his accomplished child, and anxiously hoped that with the approach of spring her health would be reëstablished.

Poor Madame Renaud, on quitting the hotel, rapidly wended her way home through the storm, with a heavy heart, insensible both to cold and rain.

Resigning themselves to their lot, the Renauds witnessed their stock of books sold off at one-fourth of their value, the proceeds being barely sufficient to pay the rent falling due, and settle M. Constantin's claim.

Stripped of every thing they possessed, saving a bed, a table, and a few chairs, they removed to an attic in a wretched locality, and mingled with the poorest of the poor. Fertile in resources, like many other Frenchwomen, Madame Renaud girt up her loins for the struggle with want and misery. Being a skilful needle-woman, she sought work diligently, and found it, and thought nothing of travelling all over Paris in quest of it. From dawn till dusk, she was never idle, laboring in season and out of season without murmur or complaint, knowing that the lives of those near and dear to her depended on her efforts alone. On the miserable pittance so earned, the family were sparsely provided with the bare necessities of life. By continually imposing privations upon herself, her comely face grew pinched and wan, until she was scarcely recognizable. But the courageous woman's heart never fainted, and in the faithful discharge of her duty she found her best reward. To her husband, in the day of his prostration and affliction, she was a tower of strength; and her children rose up before her and called her blessed.

Summer came again, laden with fresh pleasures and beauties to gladden the heart of man. The bright sunshine, the green fields, the fragrant flowers, the hum of bees, the song of birds, the bleating of sheep, and the bellowing of kine, were positive sources of enjoyment—delightful forms and sounds, grateful to eye and ear.

On the banks of the Marne stood a fine old *château*, surrounded with spacious walks and stately trees, to which M. Constantin had removed his daughter Bertha, in hopes that the change of air and scenery would ward off the fatal disease that was undermining her strength from day to day.

Her cough increased in intensity with her weakness through the long summer and autumn months, and M. Constantin despaired of his darling's life. Human skill and wealth were powerless to arrest the march of the grim destroyer, and the sweet resignation of the suffering maiden was painful to behold.

To escape the early chills of winter, the family proceeded to Nice, hoping against hope that Bertha's health might be restored. A hectic flush occasionally suffused her pale face, as she looked upon the magnificence of Nature—the fertile valleys, the hoary mountains, the waving forest, the sounding sea.

Her eye of preternatural brightness looked as if kindled with the light of a purer life, while her uncomplaining gentleness would have touched a heart of stone. Her heart-broken parents now bent over her night and day, smoothing her pillow, and comforting her in her last hours.

"Father," she said, "do you remember the poor woman who sought you that stormy night, and pleaded for her husband and children?"

"I do, Bertha."

"Please give her the hundred-franc note that I got from Uncle



Engène on my last fête-day, which you will find in my work-box."

"I will, my child."

In the early dawn of next morning, she said:

"Father, mother, embrace me. I cannot see you. I feel we shall not be long together; but we will meet again."

A few minutes afterward she breathed her last, and her spirit of innocence and purity winged its flight to the realms of peace.

The iron had now entered into the soul of the prosperous banker, and he for once realized the frailty of human nature and the vanity of worldly hopes and desires. A link was now wanting in the family chain, and Bertha's vacant chair was a perpetual *souvenir* of their loss. The father's face assumed a careworn look, and the mother's an expression of sadness. Years afterward, however, when resigned to their bereavement, they looked back with tender interest to the sweetness of Bertha's life, and fondly dwelt upon the qualities that made her memory fragrant.

In midwinter, M. Constantin, in deep mourning, was wending his way toward La Chapelle Saint-Denis, in quest of the Renauds. Their shop was occupied by a wine-merchant, who knew nothing about them. A grocer in the neighborhood informed him that they were most respectable people, and had been brought to misery through the hard-heartedness of an exacting creditor. After much searching, he finally discovered their address, and recognized Madame Renaud on the staircase before him, sadly altered, however, since he first saw her. He slowly followed her up six stairs to a narrow attic, and listened in the door-way. A racking cough plainly told what the matter was with the occupant of the bed.

"The lady I sewed so much for has not paid me, and tells me to call next week. What we must do, God only knows. I have neither fire nor food."

And her children cried for bread, while she had none to give them. A tear rolled down the banker's cheek, and he turned on his heel and rapidly descended the staircase.

On reaching the street, he proceeded to a restaurant, and ordered a savory dinner to be sent up to the Renauds. Shortly afterward, a smart boy, carrying a heavy basketful, went whistling up the same staircase, and knocked at their door.

Words cannot depict the astonishment of the forlorn family on receiving this unexpected supply, nor the happiness that reigned that night in the miserable garret.

When they had finished their repast, and were still speculating about it, M. Constantin walked in, and explained the motives of his visit. Bertha's legacy, with something added to it, he placed in Madame Renaud's hands, while to the poor broken-down bookseller he presented a check on the Bank of France for ten thousand francs, telling him he was to accept it as a loan, for which he would only charge him with interest at the rate of two and a half per cent. per annum, until he was able to refund the amount.

Prosperity again dawned upon the poor Renauds, who had been so sorely tried; and the medical skill which failed to save Bertha restored the old bookseller to health and strength.

M. Constantin, after the accomplishment of his mission of mercy, felt how much more blessed it is to give than to receive, and went down to the *Chaussée d'Antin* with a light heart and a good conscience.

His charity, which began at this period of his life, did not end here. Wherever human suffering was to be alleviated, he was sure to be one of the most generous and unostentatious contributors. So numerous have been the benefits bestowed by him upon the well-deserving in adversity that he is now, in his green old age, beloved and respected as "the poor man's friend."

## SOUTH-AFRICAN DIAMOND-MINES.

THE diamond-mines of South Africa are beyond the bounds of the English colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and are near the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers, at a distance from Cape Town of about eight hundred miles in a northeasterly direction. They can be reached by a long and tedious journey from Cape Town, by a shorter one from Port Elizabeth, and by a still shorter one from Port Natal. From all these points the journey is a slow one, performed

mainly in bullock-wagons, which travel at a rate of eighteen or twenty miles a day. From Port Elizabeth it takes the traveller about ten days to reach Pniel, on the banks of the Vaal, which is at present the headquarters of the diamond-seekers.

The finding of diamonds is not, however, restricted to this particular spot, surface-stones having been found all round over a surface of one hundred and fifty miles; but the "diggings" proper are at present within a very small space, though rapidly increasing in size. On the ground all is activity, work, and cheerfulness, from early morning till late at night. The diggers have formed themselves into a "Diggers' Protective Society," and framed a set of rules and regulations, which are most strictly adhered to. According to these rules, each digger is allowed twenty feet square, and no party claims are to exceed six in number, and those claims are to be taken together. Every digger has a right of way over the claim of another to remove earth, or wash dirt, as it is called. Any dispute is brought before four assessors, appointed by the parties; and, should they be unable to form a majority, a referee is called in, whose decision is final. Should a man mark out more ground than he is entitled to, any other person may take it. Fifty feet of river-frontage is allowed to each man; but he must mark it so as to be plainly discernible at low water. If a man is absent from his claim more than three days in succession, unless his absence is caused by illness or duty connected with the claim—when he must post a notice to that effect—he will be liable to lose it. If a diamond be found on a deserted claim, it is the property of the finder; but if a man find a stone on another man's claim, and refuse to restore it, he would, on proof thereof, be considered a thief, and, after a good thrashing, be expelled the diggings. No party is allowed to employ more than five natives (or, as they are irreverently called in the rules, "niggers") to work its claim. Those who have not tools, carts, or cradles of their own, can generally manage to hire them, either at an agreed sum, or on the borrower giving twenty-five per cent. of his findings to the proprietor of the articles; but, as new hands come in, and the demand increases, terms will doubtless rise. The washing-troughs are mostly made on the ground, of yellow-wood planks, six, eight, or ten feet long, and two broad, the sides and closed end being about eight inches high. The planks, when brought on the ground, cost about one pound each. Some of the puddling-boxes have three sieves, and are on rockers, like a baby's cradle, the gravel or earth being thrown on the top one, with a couple of buckets of water poured over to separate it. The cradle is then rocked, and the contents of the sieves, which are of differently-sized mesh, carefully examined, the valuables, if any, removed, dirt thrown away, and the operation repeated. The mesh of the top sieve is about half an inch in diameter; that of the lowest sufficiently small to prevent any thing larger than a half-carat diamond from passing through it. Crow-bars for lifting and removing large stones, and rakes to sort out the smaller ones from the earth about to be washed, are necessary, as well as spades and shovels; and small light steel picks are preferred to large iron ones. Carpenters' tools are much sought after at all hours of the day or night; and but few complaints exist as to their not being returned when borrowed, the reason being, perhaps, that they are too well looked after. Carts, wheelbarrows, or indeed any means of bringing or carrying the dug earth to the river, are very scarce, and much wanted; but necessity has found a substitute in baskets, which are largely used. A consignment of either carts or barrows would bring the speculator hundreds per cent., while cinder-riddles or sieves of any kind would pay the importer well. Already there have been established a butcher's and a baker's shop, and a canteen is just opened; but we verily believe that a drunken man would be literally kicked out of the place.

One of the chief features in the place which strikes a new-comer is the honesty and sobriety of the community. Everybody's things are at the disposal of the rest, and the opportunities of being dishonest frequent, but never taken advantage of; there seems to be a total absence of selfishness; and an apparent willingness to aid and assist one another prevails, while the right hand of fellowship is extended toward every new-comer. "Loafers," of course, there are, and their number will doubtless increase; but, unless a man is accustomed to hard labor, has a good constitution, capable of enduring work in all weathers, and, above all, standing up to his knees in water at least six hours of the day, it would be better for him to find some other employment than diamond-seeking. Gentlemen-seekers are useless both to themselves and neighbors, and idlers in the way.

Loafing about the camp while others are at work is apt to lead to trouble; for, should a dog by idleness get a bad name, the diggers may be likely to prove the truth of the proverb and hang him. Many are the claimants for the actual possession of the ground on which the Campbell diggings are situated, and rumors of adjacent Kaffre chiefs coming down to take possession are often in circulation; but the diggers, as a rule, are armed with the Winchester rifle (a sixteen-shooter recently introduced by an American firm), so that any offensive demonstration from the outside of the camp would doubtless meet with a warm reception. As a rule, information at the diggings is freely given, when properly sought; but the men are only too eager to repulse any approach to inquisitive prying into their private affairs or amount of gains. As every day brings intelligence of new spots in different directions affording the precious gems, it is hard to say where the diggings will stop, what direction they may take, or what area they will eventually cover. So far the South African diggers have had it all their own way; and it now remains to be seen whether the official reports of the numerous representatives of Continental and English firms dealing in precious stones will have the effect or not of causing an influx of European adventurers to South Africa. One gentleman has communicated to the house of business by which he is employed, and was specially sent to Africa, that the entire country through which the Vaal River runs is "rich in minerals," and that "gold-quartz is abundant, running in layers or strata between volcanic lava and a granite formation." Another points out a tract of country as the "richest diamond-bed known;" while quicksilver is stated as "obtainable in large quantities," and copper is said to be procurable in "any quantity."

Diamond-digging is almost as uncertain in its results as gambling. Innumerable anecdotes are related of curious luck among the diggers. One man worked over a month and found nothing. Disappointed, tired, and heart-sick, he determined, after having bewailed for some time his bad luck, to have "a last try," and almost immediately found two diamonds, one of which, to provide for his immediate wants, he sold for thirty-five pounds, but retained the larger of the two, which was valued at over twice that amount, and recommenced, as he termed it, all afresh. Another party, again, turned up two large diamonds immediately after their arrival, and in their first cradleful of earth; but, although that is over a month ago, their hearts have not been gladdened with the sight of a precious stone since; while a third more numerous and now wealthy party were early in the field, and worked hard and late without any returns, when of a sudden luck seemed to change, and they have done well ever since.

Among the diamonds that were found soon after the discovery of the mines was one of the most splendid in the world, "The Star of South Africa," a gem of the first water, weighing eighty-three and a half carats, and which has been sold for twenty-four thousand pounds sterling.

Thus far operations have been carried on at the diamond-fields in the most primitive manner. The machinery has been of the rudest and most simple character, and nothing like a systematic search by competent persons has been undertaken. Much remains to be done, but sufficient has already been accomplished to prove beyond dispute that the diamond-fields of South Africa are more than exceptionally productive. The natives residing in the vicinity of the diamond-fields are peaceful and moderately industrious, the country is free from dangerous reptiles and beasts of prey, and the climate is healthy and pleasant. The prices of provisions on the spot are moderate: broad, sixpence per pound; beef, one shilling; potatoes, two pounds per bag of three bushels; flour, two pounds ten shillings for ditto; Indian-corn, thirty shillings ditto; brandy, two shillings and sixpence per bottle; wine, eighteen pence ditto; sheep, ten shillings each; butter, eighteen pence per pound; and Kaffre-corn thirty shillings per bag. Parties visiting the diamond-fields usually lay in a stock of necessities previous to leaving Cape Town calculated to last them during their stay in the country, and in this way are able to purchase at the most reasonable rates.

A letter-writer says that the diggers are generally successful: "There are on the fields, of course, as on Californian and Australian gold-fields, many who have got nothing. These are, however, for the most part new-comers. Indeed, it is confidently asserted that no old digger is on the fields who has not had some luck. As has been often stated by the public press, the Natal and King William's Town parties have been most successful. Mr. Mackintosh, the chief of the

latter, very kindly gave me a sight of one hundred and twelve diamonds. One was a large one of thirty carats, for which he has refused thirty-five hundred pounds. The whole collection is valued at between five and six thousand pounds. The party numbers five, and they have been working for eight months. The first five months they got nothing to speak of, but during the last three months they have had splendid success. The Natal party have found the greatest number of diamonds, and one of their finds is a magnificent stone of forty carats, for which Captain Rolleston, the chief, was offered seven thousand pounds. These two parties had, as has been reported some time ago, their greatest success in the 'Old Kopje' (as it is named, to distinguish it from those in which the diggers are at present engaged). The King William's Town men took out one hundred and ten gems, and the Natal company one hundred and thirty-five. This kopje, Mr. Mackintosh informed me, produced at least four hundred diamonds, valued at from six to eight thousand pounds. Upward of one hundred were found in the narrow crevice formed by the junction of two reefs of rock."

Another correspondent writes: "It is astonishing the way the hills and hillocks have been turned over—some places to a depth of six feet, regularly quarried, stones now lying in heaps, piled up, or thrown into worked-out claims, giving the hills a very strange appearance. There are at present about fifteen hundred men at work, but what is found it is utterly impossible to say. We don't hear on the spot of half that are found. You at a distance hear of more than are actually brought to light. It is just simply conjecture as to what is really found; suffice it to say that diamonds are found every day. I have seen upward of one hundred since I have been here, no two alike. By far the prettiest is of a greenish color—a beautiful fancy gem, though not large (about two carats), still very valuable. The finding of diamonds is just simply a matter of chance and good luck. Nothing on the surface to guide you as to where to dig; just as likely to be successful on one spot as another, provided you find the water-worn pebble. It requires no amount of intellect, but any amount of muscle. Those who have been longest here, and who have the most experience, are no wiser than those that came yesterday as to where to go to work next. It is just a matter of time and perseverance. I could relate many curious instances of good luck. One must suffice. A poor man came, borrowed a sovereign to buy pick and shovel with, went to work, and in almost the first sievelful found a diamond, and has now, I believe, five in all. Of course, wherever there is a hit like that, all the surrounding ground is taken up as claims, and dug over immediately; a complete rush is made to such a locality. The usual mode of proceeding is this: a claim is marked off; pick and shovel are made to work; the ground or gravel thrown up into a heap; the large stones raked off, the other either carted down to the washing-place as it is, or else put through a fine sieve, which only allows the sand to pass. It is then washed in a cradle consisting of two sieves, the top one with holes about half an inch in diameter, the bottom one with holes that will not allow a diamond of about half a carat to pass. After being thoroughly washed, it is emptied on a table and carefully sorted and examined. The sorting is the most tedious work of all, as the sorter sits still with his feet on the damp gravel, and often he gets very cold, but then every scrape he makes he expects to turn out trumps. There are vehicles of every possible description at work from daylight till dark. No idleness here; every thing is stir and bustle. It is a rough life, and I certainly would not recommend any one to come here who has permanent employment where he is, and who cannot rough it; it is too much of a lottery. Those who have nothing, and but little to do at home, are as well here as anywhere, and perhaps better. Many have been working for weeks without success. Boats seem to pay; there is a continual traffic from one side to the other; the charge is sixpence. Immediately opposite are those who are working on the Pniel lands. I hear that more diamonds have been found on that side in proportion than on this, but smaller. There are only about one hundred men at work there. The river is about one hundred and fifty yards wide, a fine stream, not deep, and not clear, like the Orange River. The banks are well wooded, and altogether it is a pretty sight, especially at night-time. You may stand on a hill and see hundreds of fires reflected in the waters below. It is altogether a peculiar and fascinating sight."

"Since I commenced this letter the number on the opposite side has doubled. Arrivals are seen every day, and soon we may be counted by thousands. I have hitherto been unsuccessful, but hope

in time to get something. A man arrived the other night, and, while scraping away a place to kindle a fire, found a diamond of five carats. Lucky fellow!"

Another writer expresses the opinion that the diamond-fields will give employment to at least ten thousand diggers for a hundred years to come. But this, of course, is mere conjecture, as no one at present is able to determine with certainty the extent of the diamond-fields or how soon they may be exhausted. Nothing is certain except that they have been found over a very large area at a distance of at least one hundred miles apart.

The first South-African diamond is said to have been discovered in March, 1867, by a Dutch farmer, named Schalk van Niekerk, who was struck with the appearance of a stone with which some children were playing. He showed it to Mr. O'Reilly, and, through the clerk of the peace for the district of Colesberg, it came into the hands of Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town. After taking the specific gravity and hardness, and testing it by polarized light, he decided that it was a genuine diamond. It was exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, and purchased by Sir Philip Wodehouse, then governor of the colony, for five hundred pounds. Professor Tennant, in June, 1868, directed attention to the Cape diamonds at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. He alluded to two specimens which had been purchased by Sir P. Wodehouse of Messrs. Garrard. The first is in the shape of an octahedron (three-fourths of an inch by three-eighths of an inch), of a yellowish tinge, weighing  $21\frac{1}{2}$  carats. It was found near Hope Town, on the Orange River. The second is an octahedron, more symmetrical, weighing  $8\frac{1}{2}$  carats, specific gravity 3.54. The professor stated that one stone was taken to a blacksmith, to see if it would resist a blow of the hammer, it being a mistaken notion that a diamond would resist such a blow. He pointed out that there are few more brittle substances in Nature than the diamond, and that a valuable stone may be seriously injured by merely falling on the floor.

In May, 1869, the magnificent diamond of eighty-three and a half carats was discovered, which has been named the "Star of South Africa." It was found by a man named Swatbooy, near Sandfontein, on the Orange River. He sold it to Schalk Niekerk for five hundred sheep, ten head of cattle, and a horse; and Messrs. Lilienfeld Brothers are said to have given eleven thousand and three hundred pounds for it. The stone was last year brought to England, and, being cut, produced a fine stone of forty-six and a half carats, valued at twenty thousand pounds. In a single year the new field has yielded more than five stones above forty carats, whereas the other localities altogether have not yielded more than one stone of that weight per annum. Professor Tennant thinks we shall have diamonds from South Africa exceeding the Koh-i-noor in size, and equalling it in beauty when cut and polished.

Diamond-merchants are in the field in force, and one firm asserts that the fields are, without doubt, the richest ever discovered. In the *Cape and Natal News* of August 8th, one party of associates is said to have sent to the coast stones to the value of twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Silverfield, of Hope Town, is said to have purchased three hundred and seventy diamonds, valued at only three thousand pounds. Mr. Mann tells us of one persevering man who worked for six months without getting a single stone, and, when about to give up, found a gem that paid him for all his labor. Another account states that Mr. Hond is known to have purchased upward of four hundred stones in six days, and one man saw sixty-three diamonds unearthed in a day at Kallenberg. In one week, seventy-five diamonds were registered by the committee. Many, of course, are never reported; but the rule is, that each finder shall take his stones to the committee to be entered in a book. Diamonds to the assumed value of fifty thousand pounds are reported to have been discovered in one week—namely, that ending August 27th. Messrs. Goodliffe and Co., of Cape Town, say they are understanding the amount when they put the total value of those discovered to September at two hundred thousand pounds. These gentlemen are convinced that the real riches of the fields have yet to be yielded to the scientific application of capital. M. Unger, of Hamburg, states that the general quality of Cape-diamonds, the result of surface-scratchings, is superior to the stones of Brazil found at a depth of twenty feet. The general characteristics of the Cape-field more resemble the Indian than the Brazilian diamond-regions. Most of the stones are found on the surface, but one man sunk a hole ten feet down, and discovered diamonds at that depth. The Pniel diggings are said to be far richer than the original ones on the opposite

side of the river. An extract from the diary of Mr. G. S. Higston gives the *modus operandi* in use at the fields: "After loosening the red ferruginous gravel by means of a pick, and removing the large boulders, those who are not possessed of washing apparatus, and the means of transporting the diamondiferous soil to the river, merely pass it through a fine sieve, and then examine the remainder, to detect the precious gems. In this way many have been obtained; but as a diamond or a ruby, when covered with moist ferruginous dirt, is not easily detected, no doubt some have been passed over and thrown away among the *débris*. Washing, although requiring more hands and appliances, is, no doubt, a much more certain process. The ground is first puddled in a shallow trough, about five feet long, two broad, and six inches in depth; one man pouring water upon it, while another works it well about with a shovel. As the trough is slightly inclined, almost the whole of the sand, etc., is thus got rid of; a couple of spadefuls of the gravel is then thrown into the top sieve of the cradle (which is simply a box on rockers with three metal sieves of different-sized perforations), and while one man rocks, his assistant pours two or three buckets of water on it. By this means, the smaller stones are carried down to the undermost sieves. The rocker and his mate then examine the top sieve, which has retained all the large pebbles, and lucky indeed are they if a gem should be discovered in this, as it is sure to be one of the largest size. The second sieve is emptied out on a sheet of iron, or other sort of table, at which the searcher or searchers sit; and when all the ground is worked out of the puddling-box, the last sieve is examined for the smaller gems. At the bottom of the cradle is a small ledge, against which a little fine gravel collects, and it was from washing this *débris* in a wash-hand basin, that I was enabled to procure a minute diamond, a small nugget, and several specks of gold. I have no doubt that, on further exploration, payable deposits of the precious metal will be brought to light. Rubies are plentiful, but small; the largest I saw was between four and five carats. When a native finds a surface-diamond, he fires a shot, and hardly a day passed during my stay that one or more of these reports were not heard."

A Cape-Town correspondent of the *Times*, under date October 3, 1870, mentions a gem of pure water, octahedral in form, weighing, before cutting, one hundred and seven carats. Captain Rolleston ridicules the complaints of those who, after a few weeks' unsuccessful search at the fields, turn away, vowing there is nothing in them. He was unsuccessful for six months himself, but persevered, and ultimately secured a good reward. He thinks it useless for men to work single-handed. The captain sent a fortune home by the Saxon, and returned by the Norseman, in order to organize a company on a large scale, to prospect the diamond-fields, and avoid the short hot season. Messrs. Levenson and Goldschmidt, of Argyll Street, Regent Street, say the mines at the Cape have not produced, nor are likely to produce, any fall in the value of diamonds. These merchants state that the amount received has been much exaggerated. The value of the gems in the Norseman was said to have been eighty thousand pounds; but, when examined, eighteen thousand pounds was found to be nearer the mark. The amount of diamonds from existing mines and from private sources coming into the market, Messrs. Levenson state, is so immensely superior to any that can come from the Cape, that the latter will be lost in the aggregate. It is estimated that the value of diamonds arriving from the Brazilian and East-Indian mines is about eighty thousand pounds a month; and about the same amount is brought into the market by private holders—so that we have a total of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth per month, or two million pounds a year. Messrs. Levenson state that at the Cape the smaller sizes, used chiefly in ornaments, have not been found in sufficiently large quantities. Professor Tennant says that only ten per cent. of the Cape-diamonds are of the first water.

On the 30th of July last, Commandant Parker was elected president of the new miners' republic. The president gave a ball the same evening. We are told that in August the president of the Transvaal Republic arrived at the diggings, signed the rules, and took out a claim for working.

We close the present paper with a few notes on the composition of the diamond.

Diamonds may be described as the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances. Impressions of grains of sand and crystals have been observed on the surface of some specimens, and even germinating fungi. A specimen in Mr. Ruskin's col-



lection shows the association of diamonds with gold found in the bed of a river in Brazil. It is a conglomerated mass of quartz pebbles, with crystals of diamond and grains of gold, the whole cemented with oxide of iron. It is curious that the primary crystal of gold is like the diamond, an octahedron. M. Rossi, of Toulon, produced diamonds by placing certain quantities of water, phosphorus, and bisulphide of carbon in a vessel which he left undisturbed for several months, and crystals of carbon were produced of minute size. The diamond is the only gem which, after long exposure to the sun's rays, becomes phosphorescent in the dark.

## AMERICAN DIET AND DRINK.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE LEISURE HOUR."

IN American diet, I did not observe many peculiarities worth noting. Breakfast is a hearty meal. The wheaten bread is good, and the corn-flour and buckwheat cakes excellent. Omelets, with chopped ham, were new to me. I saw many men commence with a whole melon, with ice in a hole scooped out—an experiment upon which I did not venture, with the thermometer above eighty degrees. Eggs were generally mashed in a large wineglass, and eaten with pepper, the waiter making the mess. He seemed surprised when I asked for a hard-boiled egg and an egg-cup—a convenience not forthcoming in one hotel. The variety of fish at dinner is great, and, in strolling through the fish-market, I wished I had Mr. Frank Buckland, Inspector of British Salmon Fisheries, at my side. The halibut, blue-fish, and lake-trout, were capital. Beef and mutton were not so good as our own; poultry abundant, and turkey at every table. Game is not scarce; and at Chicago, prairie chicken, plump as partridges. Of vegetables there was considerable variety: boiled heads of Indian corn, sweet potatoes, egg-plant, and others not familiar in England. I never saw a good mealy potato, with all the Irish in the land. They are generally served in butter-fried chips, as in France. The puddings are good, and ices better than ours. The American ladies have the "sweet tooth;" little vessels like cream-jugs, filled with syrup, are on every table, to be poured over the hominy cakes or crumpets. The ladies are also great pastry consumers. Hot rolls, and pies, as they call tarts, may partly account for the prevalence of dyspeptic complexions. A tart, in America, is our pie, though it may be as big as the real Yorkshire or Northumberland pie, covering half a table. Cheese is rarely seen at dinner, or, if used, is mixed with preserves or apple-pie. The manufacture of American cheese is for the English market, and may it increase and prosper, for the price has risen forty per cent. in my recollection.

Of the fame of American oysters I had heard so much that I was disappointed in every thing but the size. They tell of Thackeray that, on his first arrival, a dish of large "saddlebacks" was set before him. He gazed at them for some time, and then asked what he was to do with them. "Why, eat them, of course." "Oh, eat them," said Thackeray, as if a new light had dawned upon him; adding, after a pause, "Well, here goes!" When he had performed the feat of swallowing one whole oyster, he seemed stunned by his own courage, till his friend asked him how he felt. "Feel?" said he, "I feel as if I had swallowed a baby!" All oysters are not of this size, or thus treated. The methods of cooking them are countless. But the true "natives," as we get them, or used to get them, at Pim's or Lynn's or Rule's, sweet, fat little Whitstable natives, are as different from American oysters as a peach from a pumpkin. Most of them come from rough water, and have muscle and shell strong and coarse proportionally. If they were less common, they might receive more culture. Still, the oyster taste is good, whether *au naturel*, or in soup or other dressing. I found the best form by accident; asking for "fried oysters" in the *carte*, I had as good "scalloped oyster" with bread crumbs as is ever got in Old England. The average price seemed to be not much below our market-price as to number, but each fish equal to four of ours for culinary treatment, so far as material goes.

I was disappointed also with the fruit. The peaches and grapes, especially, were greatly inferior to our own. Melons and apples were up to the mark, but I remember no other fruit worthy of praise compared with our own.

Very little wine is used at table, even in private houses, though always at hand for hospitality's sake to a stranger. Lager-beer is the only cheap beverage, retailed at the saloons for five cents a glass.

The consumption is immense among the Germans. In the week the news arrived of the capture of the Emperor Napoleon at Sedan, the inland revenue issued two hundred thousand quarter-cask stamps beyond the average! The Irish get their own whiskey, dear as imported, but often produced in private distilleries. When I was in New York, a raid by the custom-house officers and police was made upon the whiskey-stills in Brooklyn, and large seizures were effected. The native whiskey, Monongahela or other, is a hard, fiery spirit. Drinking is very much confined to the bars and saloons. The number of drunkards is large, perhaps as large as in England; but there is a broader line of demarcation between the temperate and intemperate. The number of total abstainers far exceeds what it is with us, and the soaking, boozing habits of British workmen are rare in America. In every class, the progress of temperance is marked and conspicuous. The head-master of a college, a Scotchman, told me he sometimes longed for a glass of Scotch ale; but if it was known that he ordered such a thing, his influence would be at an end, as the majority of the students were pledged teetotalers. Another Scotchman, an official in a Burns Club, told me that when he first came to America, twenty years ago, "the night w' Burns" was a night of whiskey and revelry. Now, the Burns Club meetings are often held in the same locality, with nothing on the table but fruits and iced water. It may not be so in New York and elsewhere; but the fact is worth recording, as indicating a change of manners. As far as I saw, intemperance in drink is not a national vice in America, although intemperance in eating is still noticeable by a stranger. I have seen Americans order a dozen dishes from the dinner *carte*, and yet drink nothing but iced water.

There was less smoking, and, to my surprise, less chewing than I anticipated. Perhaps the price of cigars has its influence on the former habit. The native tobacco is not palatable, and a good Havana is a costly luxury. The smoking-tobacco is sold in little cotton bags, fastened with a government stamp. It is dry, like the bran with which dolls are stuffed. An English smoker will find the American chewing-tobacco, moist, in tinfoil, more suited for his pipe, or mixed with the brown bran. I do not think the young Americans chew as much as their fathers. Talking with an old American gentleman in the car going to Niagara, he held a neat silver oval case in his hand. "I thought you were going to offer me a pinch of snuff," I said. He laughed and said: "I would offer you this, but I know you would not accept it," handing for my inspection his tobacco-box. The spittoon will remain ubiquitous for some time longer, in the Senate-house as well as in hotels and offices. I saw a curious notice posted in the lobby of a church in Washington: "As the seats are all free, you are requested not to expectorate on the floor." In another church, "Dirty boots and tobacco strictly prohibited." Although the use of tobacco is nationally prevalent, and the offer of a cigar, like the pinch of snuff in Scotland, or the chibouque in the East, is a sign of readiness for friendly communication between strangers, smoking is, on the whole, not so general as with us. The smoking-car on the railroads is occupied by the roughest of travellers, and in long journeys I have seen the vast majority abstaining either from smoking or chewing, which they could scarcely do if enslaved to the habit.

## THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

VERSATILITY is the characteristic of many of the English statesmen of the day. As in the era of Louis Philippe in France, men of letters now occupy high places in the councils of the British empire. The last four prime-ministers—Russell, Derby, Disraeli, and Gladstone—would be distinguished as authors had they never been ministers. Brougham, Canning, Macaulay, and Lytton, in earlier generations, won laurels as well with their pens as by their speeches and public measures. It has become fashionable for the aspirants to high political place, or the possessors of it, to acquire and display graces derived from a polite or profound scholarship. Noblemen of high-sounding names and ancient lineage have not only not disdained to follow the fashion, and to further adorn their titles by exhibiting the results of study and the fruits of learning, but some of them have entered the literary lists with an enthusiasm which is notable when we remember the repressive tendencies of ancestral pride and the enervating influences of great wealth.

The Duke of Argyll, who has the best possible reasons for family pride—for his family has for centuries been historically distinguished

as well as ancient—has added one more excellent name to the now-days fast-increasing roll of noble authors. His literary impulses have taken a direction quite different from those pursued by his political contemporaries who are *literati*. Derby produced a rich and polished version of Homer; Disraeli grew wealthy in producing fashionable novels, the scenes of which were laid in palaces and castles, and which were otherwise devoted to laudations of the Hebrew race; Russell excelled in biography; Gladstone in classical criticism. Argyll has divided his studies and labors between ecclesiastical history and polity, geology, and the profounder problems which relate to the origin of civilization and the development of man.

He is triply renowned—as the bearer of a splendid name, as a successful statesman, and as an accomplished scholar and writer. Thus he is a type of what is best in the British aristocracy—of those nobles who, too proud to be self-indulgent and to reap listlessly the advantages which attended their birth and inheritance, and be no more in the world, leave the whole of that decaying body by their public usefulness and private virtues.

The family of CAMPBELL has had an historical existence of more than eight centuries. Before the Crusades, or even the advent of William the Conqueror, in the reigns of the Saxon kings they were already a noted race, governing men and leading clans. In the age of feudalism they were the greatest subjects of the Scottish kings; so great as often to be dangerous, and sometimes fatal, to their liege lords. Later, the Campbells of Argyll were sometimes great ministers of state of Scotland or of Great Britain, and sometimes leaders of armies in domestic and foreign wars.

The marriage of Archibald (or, as some chronicles have it, Gillespick) Campbell with the Lady of Lochow, in Argyllshire, established the family as the Lords of Argyll. Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, descendant, six times removed, of this patriarchal Campbell, and who flourished in the reign of Alexander III. of Scotland, and during the era of William the Conqueror, won his spurs by knightly acts of valor on the battle-field, and was the first of the family to adopt the since splendid surname of MacCallum More, which is said to mean, in Gaelic, More, the son of the Great Colin. Since then, the Earls and Dukes of Argyll, while known by these titles in London and the world at large, have always been proud, among their Highland hills, to hear themselves called MacCallum More. There have been but brief intervals, in the long period between Sir Colin and the present duke, when the representatives of this family have not been in some way making history for their race and their nation. Niel, Colin's son, was Bruce's doughtiest lieutenant, and married Bruce's sister. The first Earl of Argyll was Scottish ambassador to France and lord high chancellor in the fifteenth century. Archibald, fourth earl, the first heretic Campbell, led the Scotch Reformers in their resistance to the Established Church. The first Marquis of Argyll was commander-in-chief of the Scottish Covenanters in Cromwell's time; then declared for the Restoration, and crowned Charles II. with a vain diadem at Seone; after which he again turned in Cromwell's favor; then a third time for the Stuart when the successful restoration was accomplished. The king was, however, distrustful, and sent him back to Scotland, where he was tried for high-treason and beheaded. The second marquis was also beheaded for the same crime in 1685. The greatest, perhaps, of this remarkable family of "able men" was John, the second duke, grandson of the marquis last spoken of. He was a real soldier, valiant and keen-sighted, and was no less a bold and convincing orator. He led the king's troops against those of the Old Pretender, in 1715, dealing sturdy blows, and effectually aiding by his brilliant talents, as well as by the power of his name, in settling the Protestant succession, and in firmly establishing the German ancestors of Victoria upon the British throne. In the last century and in this the Argylls have been "Revolution Whigs," often occupying high state offices, and not seldom sitting in the cabinet. Throughout all their history we recognize a proud, high-spirited, independent, and enterprising race, standing in the advanced ranks of the civilization of their age, frank and outspoken in opinion, daring in action, impulsive—unlike the average Scottish temperament—and seldom, almost never, sinking to the level of mere stag-hunting landlords and listless, do-nothing peers of the realm. The power conferred by antiquity of name and extent of wealth, they have retained by the activity and enterprise of their individual careers.

The present duke is the eighth who has enjoyed that highest title held by British subjects, his dukedom being, however, a Scottish, and

not an English one. He sits in the House of Lords, not as the Duke of Argyll, but by his English title (conferred upon his ancestor of a century ago) of Baron Sundridge. He was born at Ardincaple Castle, Dumbartonshire, April 30, 1823, and is now in his forty-ninth year. English statesmen are not thought to have reached their official prime until they are approaching or have reached sixty. The Duke of Argyll, before he was thirty, had become a leading member of the Upper House; he was a cabinet-minister at thirty-three. In reaching so important a post, his high birth and title doubtless powerfully aided him; but it may also be said that no peer, of however exalted rank, could reach the cabinet at so early an age without individual abilities also much above the average. The duke's capacity is all the more above suspicion that it was demonstrated, and that he won wide reputation, anonymously.

His literary eminence is the more noticeable in that he did not receive the collegiate and university education enjoyed by most persons of his rank. Neither Eton, Harrow, Oxford, nor St. Andrew's, can claim him as an *alumnus*. The years of his childhood and youth were for the most part spent at Inverary and at Ardincaple. It was very rarely that he visited London, or even Edinburgh. His studies were from first to last pursued under the guidance of private tutors who attended at his father's castles, among whom was Dr. Munroe, since become a distinguished Presbyterian divine. The lot of the young noble was pleasantly cast in the lovely vales of the Lowlands, along the banks of the Clyde, in localities which might peculiarly remind him of the historical careers of his ancestry, and where his contemplative bent might have a serene and unobstructed current. His thoughts seem to have early turned to the grave subject to which he has devoted much time in his riper years, that of the Scottish ecclesiastical polity. For centuries the Lords of Argyll have been Presbyterians, and have been pillars of the state church at home and its sturdy defenders before the somewhat chilling audience of the English Parliament. Just as this scion of the house was approaching his nineteenth year, came the famous crisis in the Scottish Church, which resulted in its disruption and the establishment of a Free Church under the lead of Dr. Chalmers. In 1842 appeared an anonymous pamphlet, entitled "A Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son," which contained an earnest and energetic appeal to that body to intervene, by legislative action, in the distracted affairs of the Church. This turned out to be the production of the (then) Marquis of Lorn. It created much discussion, and, although not achieving the object at which the writer aimed, was thought worthy of more than one vigorous answer from the solemn old presbyters of the ultra-church party. His sympathies at this time seem to have been somewhat enlisted in favor of those who threatened secession. This was apparent in a letter addressed, in the same year, to Dr. Chalmers, still further commenting on the ecclesiastical position of the moment. But further consideration induced him to abstain from following that great divine in the final step of separation, though this course was pursued by the Earl of Breadalbane, his cousin, the representative of a younger branch of the clan Campbell, and a person of superior mind and serious disposition.

The separation of the Free from the State Church took place in 1843. In the following year Lord Lorn married Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, the eldest daughter of the Duke of Sutherland, and of the duchess who so long shone as the most brilliant ornament of Victoria's court. This marriage was for more than one reason an auspicious one; for it connected the heir of Argyll with the great English houses of Howard, Sutherland, and Gower, and gave him a wife whose domestic virtues and courtly graces adorned even the splendid rank of her lineage. The marquis continued to interest himself in Church affairs, writing frequently, and taking an active part in the discussions of the day.

In 1847 the duke, his father, died, and he succeeded to the title, estates, and seat in the House of Lords, at the age of twenty-four.

In the year following this event he published a work, upon which he had spent much labor, and which caused much comment and discussion, on the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, marked with the same peculiarities of earnestness and positiveness of conviction which had been evinced in previous efforts.

When he took his place among the hereditary legislators of the three kingdoms, he had an already national reputation. He was able at once to assume a position which his titles alone would not have

given. No peer so young was known so well. His opinions, on one important subject at least, were not doubtful. But his pride and ambition were not content with a laurel so little prolific in high public honors as that won by ecclesiastical learning.

His first speech in the Upper House was at once a good omen and a prophecy of his future political career; and his is one of those rare records in modern English statesmanship in which the liberal opinions embraced in the generous and hopeful years of youth have not been departed from, nor the trust in them been extinguished, as middle age has come on. He started well on the high-road of reform, and has never swerved from it. The question upon which

he for the first time addressed the peers was, whether the political disabilities imposed upon Jews should be removed. The contest was a bitter one, many Whigs joining the Tories in their efforts to perpetuate the intolerance of less-enlightened eras of statesmanship. Argyll's speech was manly, positive, and straightforward, in favor of admitting the Jews, as the Catholics had been, to political privileges. The subject of his second speech was equally auspicious; it was upon the bill to prevent bribery and corruption at elections. He also spoke—always earnestly, and seldom without winning new consideration for his abilities—on the Scottish marriage bill, on free trade, foreign relations, real-estate laws, and questions affecting the Established Churches of England and Scotland. In all these matters he betrayed the results of careful study, and of a

clear-headed acuteness which was able to seize the pith of the subjects to which he gave his attention. At twenty-five, he had supplemented his reputation as a controversialist by that of being a ready and effective debater. The Whig traditions of his family had naturally drifted him into that party; his own reason and experience have carried him beyond it into the advanced liberal ranks.

He was a consistent supporter of the Russell ministry until it broke up, owing to the dissensions between Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, in 1851. The Derby (Tory) ministry lasted less than a year. The Earl of Aberdeen became prime-minister in 1852, with a coalition cabinet, comprised of the Whigs and "Peelites." In this cabinet the Duke of Argyll took his place as Lord Privy Seal, at the age of thirty-three. A few years after, in relating his first impressions of official life, the duke said: "I have been deeply im-

pressed with the high character and incorruptible good faith of those public men who stand in the front rank of British statesmen. When you put the best construction on the motives of their conduct, you put that which is not only the most generous, but the most just—the nearest to fact and truth."

Gladstone was at that time ascending the "upward slope" of his fame as an orator, and his power as a politician. He was in the full ripeness alike of his physical beauty and his high intellectual abilities. The Duke of Argyll became one of his earnest disciples and followers, and has advanced side by side with him ever since; indeed, on certain occasions, the duke has proved himself even more radical than his

leader. In the Aberdeen Cabinet—which seems to have been a later cabinet "of all the talents"—Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Sidney Herbert, Sir George Lewis, and other intellectual lights, were among his colleagues. The duke continued to be Lord Privy Seal until 1855, when the Aberdeen ministry was voted out of office on a question relating to the Crimean War. Lord Palmerston, who succeeded to the premiership, transferred him to the less ornamental, but more responsible, and to an ambitious statesman more desirable, place of Postmaster-General, when Lord Canning was appointed Governor-General of India. Three years later, the Palmerston ministry fell, and the duke retired to the "cold shade of the opposition benches" during the brief period of the second Derby ministry. The Liberals, however, held the mandate of the country,



THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

as they really had held it ever since Sir Robert Peel's conversion to free trade, and his resignation in 1846. Palmerston returned to office as a result of the general election of 1859, and Argyll was restored to the Privy-Seal office, which he held, with another brief tenure of the Post-Office intervening, until the defeat of Earl Russell (who had become Premier after Palmerston's death in 1865) in June, 1866. During this long official life, Argyll's opinions steadily advanced with those of the more radical wing of his party. At Liverpool, on one occasion, he declared himself in favor of a much wider extension of the suffrage than any Liberal leader had hitherto dared to confess. There were now and then questions on which Liberals were divided; on which the more timid hung back; which some thought "leaps in the dark." But the Duke of Argyll on all these took bold ground in favor of the most advanced ideas; and never hesitated once to cham-



pion the cause of reform, whether industrial, political, or social. The Russell reform bill was moderate, and intended to conciliate the more conservative Liberals, while it partially satisfied the advanced wing of the party. Argyll energetically sustained it, as he undoubtedly would have sustained a much broader measure. But the Tories were oblique of vision, and, aided by Liberal renegades, voted down a detail in committee. Derby and Disraeli succeeded the veteran Earl Russell, were forced to bring in a much more sweeping suffrage bill than that they had defeated as revolutionary, and, having done radical work to spite the Whigs, were ignominiously thrust out of power by the exciting elections of 1868. Earl Russell, being politically *passé*, Gladstone gracefully bowed Disraeli out of the premier's chair.

The new cabinet for the first time admitted to the royal councils the distinctly radical wing of the Liberal party, John Bright and William Page Wood, life-long advocates of household suffrage, taking seats beside Gladstone, Granville, and Argyll; and Forster and Stansfeld, the last the friend of Mazzini, being appointed to subordinate ministerial offices. The Duke of Argyll was designated for promotion, and became Secretary of State for India, a much more distinguished post than those which he had previously occupied; and one which, at present writing, he continues to administer with signal ability. To his management are committed the vast interests of the Indian empire, and the welfare of a race far more numerous than that inhabiting the British Isles.

Not less interesting is the duke's career as a thinker and writer, than as a statesman, during this period of high and almost continuous political honor. At thirty-three, he was unanimously chosen Chancellor of the Scottish University of St. Andrew's; three years later (in 1855) he was installed as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. Both honors were conferred in recognition of his learning and his devotion to the interests of the Church, and in spite of his never having been educated at any public institution.

Soon after, he seems to have turned his contemplations into the channels of physical science, which powerfully attracted his vigorous and searching intellect. He appeared several times before the British Association, and read papers embodying the results and conclusions of his scientific research. The special branches to which he devoted himself were the history of the human race, and geology. He delivered a series of remarkable lectures on the latter science before the Glasgow Athenæum, in which he endeavored to harmonize geological developments with the Christian faith. Indeed, his enthusiasm for scientific progress, and his zealous sympathy with every effort of men to penetrate to the still veiled mysteries of man and Nature, have never been dampened by his yet more earnest devotion to the faith of the Bible; for his creed, though orthodox of the orthodox, is not of that fearful and halting nature which fears the result of greater light, of a clearer view of natural truths.

He pursues science because he believes that its unravelled secrets will be but new testimonies to the great first cause. In 1868, he read a paper before the Geological Society on the physical geography of Argyllshire, in connection with its geological structure. In this he combated previous geological conclusions, and contended that the hills and valleys of that region had been in the main determined by subterranean forces. As president of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, he criticised Darwin's "Origin of Species," concluding that "Creation, of which we talk so easily, is a work of which we have no knowledge, and can have no conception." This, and other addresses and essays on kindred topics, are published in a volume entitled "The Reign of Law," which is as well known in this country as in Great Britain. Another work of a similar kind, "Primeval Law," is equally widely known, and these two works abundantly attest the duke's careful research, clear reasoning faculty, and bold, vigorous style. In the former, he reaches the conclusion that "creation by law, evolution by law, development by law, or, as including all those kindred ideas, the reign of law, is nothing but the reign of creative force, directed by creative knowledge, worked under the control of creative power, and in fulfilment of creative purpose."

His conclusions also relative to the origin of civilized society are marked, and in bold contrast with those of Darwin and of his disciple Sir John Lubbock. The latter records his belief that "the primitive condition of man was one of utter barbarism;" Darwin thinks of utter bestiality. Argyll argues that that primitive condition was one of civilization; that "man, even in his most civilized condition, is

capable of degradation; that his knowledge may decay, and that his religion may be lost."

I can but glance rapidly at the duke's labors and conclusions in the field of science, much less comment upon them; but it is already seen that he is a sturdy champion of that view of scientific discoveries which is reconcilable with the Scriptures, and even confirmatory of them, as opposed to the view which would regard Nature as the challenger and contemner of revelation. Besides the subjects of ecclesiastical polity, geology, civilization, and politics, the duke has been a student of social science, and an earnest worker in the cause of general education.

Inverary Castle, the hoary ancestral home of the Lords of Argyll, has often been thrown open in hospitable welcome to men and women famous in the paths of literature and of science. Prescott, accompanied by Sir Roderick Murchison and Professor Sedgwick, visited the castle in 1850; Mrs. Stowe was later a guest there; Baron Bunsen, and other Continental diplomats and scholars, have experienced its luxurious comforts amid a nobly-rugged landscape and teeming historic memories. Bunsen says, writing from Inverary: "I am lodged as in a royal residence, with a fine area of the sea, and the nobly-wooded hills around me." The queen visited Inverary on one occasion, and, in her "Highland Journal," speaks of seeing there the infant Marquis of Lorn, who was afterward to become her son-in-law.

In person, the duke is short and robust, with an inclination to stoutness. His form is straight, and his head, with its abundant crop of golden hair brushed up and back from the forehead, is held haughtily high in air, while the face is a proud but very kindly and expressive one. His features are regular, the nose being straight and standing prominently out, the mouth firm and even, the chin round. In one feature—his forehead—he resembles the portraits of many of his ancestors; it is very high and gently receding, and this peculiarity is seen in almost all the Dukes and Earls of Argyll. The face is long, so a true Scotch face. As a debater, the Duke of Argyll has none of those impediments, either natural or assumed, which mar the declamation of so many Britons. The words come clearly and quickly, and his earnestness hurries him on in a bold and straightforward delivery, which admits neither of hesitation nor of the studied graces with which many orators of the day still love to adorn their addresses. Though a man of learning, he is seldom pedantic in speech; but some one says of him that, when he speaks in the House of Lords, he has the air of a school-master lecturing his scholars. There is, indeed, something of this kind in his manner at times. His impetuosity not seldom leads him into sharp forensic encounters; for he is very jealous of the honor of his colleagues, his party, and his ideas, and hotly resents attacks on either, trusting to the temper of his weapons as, on the spur of the moment, he clutches them up. He is not a great statesman; but he is a faithful and able administrator, and an honest worker. He is not a great orator; but he is an excellent debater, and has no superior in the Upper House, in the lucidity of his ministerial statements and the conduct of a controversy upon the measures within his ministerial province. It is gratifying to be able to add to this sketch of his career and public character, the fact that his private virtues are conspicuous, and that his reputation as a high-minded, honorable, benevolent, and amiable gentleman, is not surpassed by that of any British public man. It is equally gratifying to close by saying that the Duke of Argyll was, from the beginning of our civil war to its triumphant close—through all its periods of gloom, of depression, and of apparently impending failure—the constant friend of the Union cause, often standing up in the Peers, before an audience overwhelmingly hostile to the Union, and pleading its right, while eloquently warning them of the shortsightedness of England's policy.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

## THE PALISADES.

THE Palisades of the Hudson, of which we give a general view on the first page of this number of the JOURNAL, are described by Mr. Lossing, in his "Book of the Hudson," as portions of a ridge of trap rocks extending in an unbroken line along the western shore of the Hudson, from a point just above Weehawken to Piermont, and irregularly to near Haverstraw. These rocks present a rude, precipitous

front, from three to five hundred feet in height, forming a mural escarpment, columnar in appearance, yet not actually so in form. They have a steep slope of *débris*, which has been crumbling from the cliffs above during many centuries by the action of frost and the elements. The ridge is narrow, in some places being not more than three-fourths of a mile in width. It is really an enormous projecting trap-dike. On the top, which is a level table-land, and among the *débris*, is a thin growth of trees. On the western side of the range the slope is gentle, composed generally of rich soil and covered with trees.

Viewed from the river this range is monotonous and forbidding, and the traveller can scarcely imagine that behind their frowning front is a fertile and smiling country. The view in our illustration is from a point near Dobb's Ferry, on the eastern shore, just below the break in the range at Piermont.

## AUGUSTE BLANQUI.

IN the latest and most melancholy phase of the French revolution which began with the fall of Napoleon III., one of the turbulent spirits of other days has arisen and now dominates the capital. Auguste Blanqui controls that inner committee, which moves the central committee, which in its turn governs sternly the commune.

It is noteworthy how many of the republican leaders have issued from the better classes of society; how few are self-made men, rising from the lowest strata—Robespierre, Barrère, Desmoulins, in the old Revolution of 1789-'93, belonged to what the English would call "county families;" Mirabeau was the scion of an ancient and noble house. In the Revolution of 1848, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Louis Blanc, Ledru-Rollin, Crémieux, Garnier Pagès, Arago—indeed, all the government, with the conspicuous exception of Albert the Laborer—were what is in countries with social grades called "well-born." In the present revolution Favre, Rochefort, Flourens, Simon, Picard, are men of social rank; Rochefort is noble, and Flourens the son of a member of the "Forty Immortals"—the Academy of France.

AUGUSTE BLANQUI may be ranged in the same category. His family was of the "highly-respectable" sort. They were well-to-do people at Nice, and Auguste received a more than liberal education. In his early years he was already distinguished for the graces of a polite and even profound scholarship. He at least exemplified in his own person no grievous wrongs, no aristocratic or kingly tyrannies. With a different temperament he might long since have sat in a *fauteuil* of the Academy beside the father of his colleague, Flourens, and his antagonist, Thiers. After leaving the Lycée and college, he became a private tutor in a rich southern family, varying this occupation by giving occasional lectures on the classics—notably on Horace and his odes—at Nice and Marseilles. So he was engaged, with every anticipation on the part of his friends that he was fast winning his way to a professorship and a distinguished career in the avenues of learning, when the stirring political events of 1828-'29, foreshadowing the overturning of the restored Bourbon monarchy, diverted his attention. He is described, by one who wrote of the "Men of 1848," as being, in his twenty-fifth year, a taciturn, sallow, dark-eyed youth, with close-cropped brown hair, almost clerical in dress, and, when speaking, speaking with a "sharp and short dogmatism" which may be observed as a prevalent characteristic of French school-masters. He had been radical ever since his accession to the years of manhood. But it was remarkable that Blanqui, unlike almost every other French agitator of distinction, and especially unlike those born in the hot provinces lying on the Mediterranean, was little imaginative—that he dealt little in the use of oratory, and was wanting in the flourish and *dan* which so captivated, and still so captivates, a French mob. His power was none the less real and constant. Polignac's policy, which had in view the gradual abrogation of the famous charter by which Louis XVIII. was vouchsafed by his people a comparatively peaceful reign, fired the hearts of the French republicans, to whom, indeed, it was a very god-send. This quiet, reticent, private tutor seems to have caught the infection, for, as events became grave, and revolution threatened afar, he threw aside his books, bade adieu to Horace (as a medium for bread-getting) forever, and started for the centre of action.

From that day to this, Blanqui's career has been stormy, full of romance and vicissitude; and, if his name has been less often in the mouths of fame and rumor than many others with whom he has acted, it is because he has been rather an actor in confused times and events than, like Louis Blanc, an orator, or, like Flourens, a soldier. For more than forty years he has alternated between the dictatorship over a mob, and the punishments inflicted by monarchy, republics, and empire. And now, at sixty-six, with parched and wrinkled sallow face, sunken eyes, stooping shoulders, and grizzly head, but yet dauntless spirit and sinewy frame, he once more enacts the part wherein he is "himself again"—as the power behind the wall, which moves, as by wires, the players outside it. He mingled in the Revolution of 1830, and therein sat in one of the club-rooms with two pistols at his side, issuing orders to be executed at some barricades in the street below. But the Revolution of 1830 took an anti-republican turn; Thiers was responsible, for it was he who turned the channel of insurrection and gave it a king. Many republicans submitted; Blanqui did not. As one of the extreme irreconcilables of the day, he at once set to organizing secret clubs; and, by his strange, quiet force of character, infused a large body of Parisians with his own courage and his own intense hatred of all conservative forms of government. He permitted but one year of peace to the citizen-king, when he planned an insurrection which, on the eve of becoming itself a revolution, was suppressed, and its leader arrested. Blanqui was sentenced to imprisonment for life—"if the government lasts so long," said he, adding to the judge's sentence as he passed out of court with a quiet, sneering smile. After two years spent in prison, where, it was observed, he seemed to give over political cogitations and took to reading the Roman historians, the government pardoned and set him free. It was always the Orleanist policy to be gentle with political offenders; this was forced upon the monarchy by the memory of its own origin. Blanqui tried his hand at writing in the anti-dynastic papers, but that was not his forte. He seemed always to retire, as it were, behind the editors and orators, and to be telegraphing to them with his eyes what tack to take. In the clubs he was still probably the most powerful man in Paris. One source of this power undoubtedly was, that no one suspected his political faith. If ever there was in France a socialist republican "pur et simple," Blanqui was and is one. If the mantle of Marat has fallen on any shoulders, they are his. Then his courage was perfectly demonstrated. It was not of the loud and ostentatious kind common to French agitators; his courage was placid, unyielding, even. He never blundered at any venture, and never fled before any odds. The next insurrection of which he was a moving spirit was that of 1839, when, his military leaders having stormed and taken the Hôtel de Ville, the Place de la Bastille, and the whole upper end of the Rue de Rivoli, he came down quietly and sat in consultation at the first-mentioned place, and all but established, over half of Paris, a pure socialism. This, however, also failed; shortly after, he was arrested in Paris—though he might have been, had he chosen, out of France—and now, as utterly contumacious, was sentenced to death. Once more he became the subject of royal clemency, and the sentence was changed to a life-imprisonment. Shortly before the Revolution of 1848 he was pardoned, as a necessity; but even conciliatory acts like these did not avail to preserve the throne. On the formation of the Provisional Government, Blanqui once more became a hero of the clubs; but two months had not passed when he discovered that the new executives were "conservative," their policy "reactionary," and their end "treason." He was a chief in the insurrection of June, and the republic, ungrateful to this Simon-pure republican, sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment on Belle Isle—the famous island which Fouquet, in the old times, fortified, so that he might resist the tyranny of the grand *monarque*. He tried to escape, but the island-fortress was too well guarded. After his release he went into exile, and nothing more was heard of him till, on Napoleon's fall, he hurried back to Paris, there to resume his old influence in the midnight Jacobin meetings.

Blanqui, at sixty-six, is a man of singular energy, and is as bitterly, intensely radical as at twenty-five. He is at the extreme of the extremists. His presence signifies constant turmoil and insurrection. If he achieves the power he aims at, the guillotine will be set up again, and the Reign of Terror will once more be resumed. Rochefort and even Flourens are mild political trimmers compared with him. It will be an evil day for France should the insurrection triumph, and this arch-agitator and arch-Jacobin sway its victorious counsels.

## FRAGMENTS OF TRAVEL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. O. C. DARLEY.



VENICE AND THE GRAND CANAL.

WINTERING in Florence is by no means so charming as most travellers would lead us to suppose, and I sincerely advise all invalids to beware of the fearful north wind which blows over the snowy shoulders of the Apennines, and during the winter months causes a most uncomfortable sensation, to say the least of it, often reminding me of our own miserably chilly March winds. Many a time, when walking over the stone slabs with which the streets are paved, have I shudderingly buttoned up my coat, and thrust my benumbed fingers into my pockets, almost envying the good people their *scaldini*, the little earthen vessels, filled with hot ashes and burning charcoal, with which almost every man, woman, and child, seems to be provided. But Florence, in the early spring, with lovely roses climbing her garden-walls, with her luxuriant foliage, her orange-groves and myrtle-bowers, her marble palaces, her statues, fountains, cypresses, beneath the warm sunlight and clear blue sky, is a very different thing, and makes Florence la Bella worthy of the name.

Her streets are well paved, clean, bright, and cheerful, and are generally filled with a constantly-changing concourse of people, among whom there is by no means the same appearance of poverty and wretchedness as is to be met with in either Rome or Naples. Food of all kinds is so marvellously cheap that cases of actual starvation must be rare indeed. Quantities of chestnuts, luscious figs bursting with ripeness, blooming peaches, and magnificent grapes, may be bought for a mere trifle. I have often seen the dirtiest little specimens of unwashed Tuscan youth fairly revelling in the possession of huge bunches of grapes worthy to crown the brows of Bacchus himself. My picturesque friends, too, the beggars, are not half as numerous as they are in most Italian cities. Indeed, I quite missed their fantastic shreds and patches, their strange contortions and pleading cries, their piteous "Give me something for the love of God—I am dying of hunger!" dwelling on the last words with a heart-touching pathos that, when heard for the first time by the inexperienced traveller, seldom fails to awaken the charity that thinketh no evil.

Surely these pertinacious unfortunates have an especial claim upon

the artist, who so often finds invaluable studies among their tattered draperies and patriarchal beards. Who can say that the magnificent fell of hair that flows over the mighty chest of Michael Angelo's "Moses," did not find its original in the possession of some picturesque vagabond of the great Buonarrotti's time? We are all familiar with the ugly story with which history has blackened the memory of Giotto, who, when painting the martyrdom of one of the apostles, discovered an admirable model among these miserable beggars, and is said to have tortured the unhappy wretch to death, with savage enthusiasm, that he might the better portray the dying agonies of the saint.

One of the features peculiar to the streets of Florence is the flower-girl, whom you are sure to meet on the Lung Arno, or in the Cascini; which, in fine weather, are always filled with handsome equipages and throngs of people. The name of flower-girl is undoubtedly suggestive of something pretty and youthful, fair of form and light of step, her breath scenting of new-mown hay, and her whole person redolent of the lovely blossoms which fill the basket she carries in her hand. Perhaps you see one of these damsels in the distance, and are naturally anxious to obtain a nearer view. There is nothing very striking about her dress; she wears a broad straw hat, whose "shady brim" doubtless conceals "the blush that, in the midst of brown, was born." As she comes nearer, you see her entering the *casse*, where you imagine her gracefully presenting her floral treasures, and whence she emerges, perhaps three or four *centesimi* the richer. She continues to approach, though her figure is occasionally lost among the people and vehicles that throng the street; again you see her, stopping for a moment to gossip with some friendly chestnut-roaster or purveyor of pumpkin-seeds, with whom she is possibly effecting an exchange of property. In another moment she has darted off in the direction of a group of *forestieri*, each of whom, when they soon after pass you, carries a tiny bouquet of rosebuds at his button-hole. Before you have time to think how very charming is this pretty little piece of attention, and how characteristic of her graceful countrywomen, two coarse brown hands are busily insinuating a small knot of sweet-smelling violets into one



of your own button-holes, while beneath the shady brim of the broad straw hat—now within an inch of your amazed countenance—appears the dark and wrinkled visage of a matron of some forty summers.

This, by-the-way, reminds me of a droll story I heard while in *La Bella Firenze*, told to me by its hero, "a fellow of infinite jest," whom I encountered at our hotel, and toward whom I was much attracted by his genial and gentlemanly address. He had a fund of anecdote and story, and a manner of relating his experiences of which it would be impossible to convey an idea; and was, altogether, so agreeable a companion that we all regretted his departure from Florence, which took place soon after our arrival. The adventure occurred in Venice:

"I reached the Silent City," said he, "at night, stopping at the bustling, noisy railroad station, which might have been in England, or America, or anywhere else, so utterly commonplace was it, so altogether different from what the mind is prepared to find on approaching the gorgeous city of historic splendor and romance. I had been suffering from headache almost ever since I left Padua, and now found myself slightly feverish, and far from being in a proper condition to appreciate the strange, mysterious beauty by which I was surrounded.

"Every traveller tells you of the wonderful effect of the brilliant lights dropping in golden streams into the watery way as you glide noiselessly along in the low, black, hearse-like gondola between

and painful dreams, wherein all manner of malignant tyrants and mischievous water-sprites combined to make night hideous. At one moment I imagined myself the victim of some terrible conspiracy; was tried, condemned, strangled, and thrown into the canal; at another, the windows of my room—apparently besieged by an army of gondoliers, who seemed to be battering on the shutters with their long oars—were furiously burst open, and suddenly a foaming torrent would pour into the apartment, rise in the form of a bubbling fountain at the foot of my bed, nodding its plumed head as if swayed by the spirit of some fair Undine; then as suddenly descend in an overwhelming shower—icy cold as Dante's frozen lake—on my helpless, unoffending shoulders. This pleasant state of affairs must have continued not only for that night, but for many other nights and days; for, when I next awoke to consciousness, I found myself free, indeed, from pain, but weak and

tall and stately palaces; not a breath, not a sound, meeting the ear, save the silvery plash of the oar, or the occasional warning voice of the gondolier as other dark objects silently pass by—how you turn out of the grand canal into some smaller channel, and find yourself gliding beneath bridge after bridge, lonesome, sad, and dark; only an occasional light showing itself here and there, serving to make the shadows more profound, until your silent boatman suddenly stops at the ample door of one of the melancholy-looking palaces, and tells *il signore* that he has now reached his hotel; as did my aquatic friend, on introducing me to the B—.

"I need not say how glad I was to rest my wearied body and aching head in the spacious and comfortable apartment to which I was shown, though my feverish brain soon became the playground of the most extraordinary



THE FLOWER-GIRL.



A DEMONSTRATION.



A DISCOVERY.

powerless as a little child, and doubtless with the same desire—if any one in such a condition of body can be said to have any thing that argues the possession of a desire—to be soothed and quietly talked to; to be helped to disentangle the curious, dreamy recollections that were gradually coming back to my brain of the many lands in which I had been wandering, and to account for the condition in which I found myself in the mysterious Silent City.

"I suppose the effort I made to speak aroused the attention of two persons who were in the room, one of whom came softly to the bedside, and, with an expression of pleased surprise, leaned over me, felt my pulse, and, said in a low voice and in excellent English:

"Do not exert yourself to speak, you have been very ill, but will now recover rapidly. I am your physician."

"After staring up at his kind, benevolent face, for some minutes, with, I am quite sure, a look of remarkable penetration—

"Have I been wandering, doctor?" I asked.

"You have been suffering from a violent fever for two weeks, and, of course, you have not always uttered the profoundest wisdom, as you may suppose. But you are all right now. Skin moist, pulse calm and regular, head cool—"

"Head cool!" I repeated, slowly raising my hands to my forehead. "It does feel cool, doctor, but what—what is *this*?" I tremblingly questioned, as, in passing my fingers beyond my forehead, they came in contact with a smooth and slightly downy surface, suggestive of the head of an infant of the tenderest age.

"My dear sir, you must not be so curious," he gently answered. "In a day or two you will be strong enough to ask as many questions as you like, but just now all you have to do is to keep yourself as quiet as possible, and—"

"Shaved, doctor, shaved, I know it, I feel it!" I groaned, feebly clutching my denuded cranium, once the proud possessor of raven locks that might have rivalled Absalom's.

"The excellent medico's predictions with regard to my returning health were quite correct, for, thanks to his unceasing care, in less than two weeks I was almost myself again and in the possession of a most fascinating wig, the daily arrangement of which, during my convalescence, afforded me infinite amusement. I don't believe that I am the ugliest fellow in the world, and, when crowned—but I will not anticipate, my wig shall speak for itself.

"While in a convalescent condition, and yet under the dominion of Dr. Niccolo and beef-tea, I used to pass an hour or two every morning at my window, which did not overlook a canal, but one of the *campi*, which at that season of the year—it was early spring—were always swarming with busy traffickers, vendors of fish, flesh, fruit, and fowl, who fill the air with their vociferous cries.

"Though I seldom failed to find amusement among the droll scenes that were continually taking place among all these busy people, yet I soon found better occupation for my eyes in the balcony of an opposite palace, which soon became decidedly interesting.

"One morning, just after I had taken my usual place at the window, with a remote idea of looking over one of Balzac's stories, some movement caused me to look in the direction of this same balcony, from which, at the moment I raised my eyes, a female figure quickly withdrew into the room beyond, but not so quickly as to prevent my observing the somewhat unusual but pleasing combination of dark-brown eyes and very light hair. Of course, it was the most natural thing in the world for me to look in the direction of my fair neighbor the next day, and the next, and the day after that; and there she was sure to be, and, what soon became quite exciting, was equally sure to disappear as rapidly as on the first occasion.

"After a time this pretty timidity, or whatever it was, began gradually to wear away, so that she would sometimes linger for a few moments, leaning upon the balcony in a graceful attitude, with a cunning little knot of scarlet flowers in the bosom of her light-blue dress; or she would bring her pet bird and hang its gilded cage in the warm sunlight—no doubt using sweet Italian terms of endearment as she did so—of course, quite unconscious of the pale, sentimental stranger at the opposite hotel-window.

"I have no doubt that I looked extremely interesting; indeed, I have often thought so while making my morning-toilet, as I beheld myself reflected in the mirror, with my ghastly visage and great gray eyes, to say nothing of the crowning glory of that superb black wig, which was so decidedly becoming that I began to think of adopting it altogether.

"Sometimes for a whole day I was only permitted to behold my fair Venetian's blue drapery flitting within her own apartment; then again, as if irresistibly attracted, or from an amiable desire to afford the lonely invalid, '*il povero ammalato*,' the sight of her own pretty face—for by this time she had become quite conscious of my neighborhood—she would bring her work-basket and busily employ her taper fingers in arranging the bright colors it seemed to contain.

"What harm if, while so employed, a bright glance and still brighter smile were sometimes sent in my direction? What harm if, as she rose to go, she sometimes turned and kissed her pretty hand? Poor girl, the artistic flow of that immaculate wig was rapidly doing its work!

"For a day or two I refrained from going to my window, and, when I again did so, kept my eyes most determinately fixed upon the passers-by below—upon the citizens, soldiers, and sailors, in their various costumes, gossiping in the warm and cheerful sunlight, or upon the idlers about the *cafés* and shop-windows—but it was all in vain; my wandering glances gradually returned to their allegiance, and fondly came back to their familiar resting-place. There stood the signora, talking to her canary, which seemed to be enjoying the lovely spring morning in an ecstasy of song, while its fair mistress hung flowers about its golden-wired cage, apparently as bright and happy as her feathered pet. In another moment she saw that I was looking at her, and, leaning upon the balcony, took a rose from the flowers in her hand, and, while the sunlight sparkled in her soft, light hair, slowly plucked its leaves, letting the velvet petals fall below.

"Did I fancy that, while thus gracefully occupied, the softest glow suffused her cheek? or that, as each leaf slowly fluttered to the ground, her lips were gently murmuring some tender enchantment?

"Now," thought I, 'this charming creature is gradually taking my reason prisoner, and, instead of being allowed to continue my travels with renewed health and vigor, if I am not careful I shall be thrown back upon the good Dr. Niccolo's hands with an aggravated case of disease of the heart.'

"As I leaned back for a moment to reflect what was the best thing to be done, whether to change my hotel or only my room, my glance chancing to fall upon the mirror, I beheld what I firmly believed to be the cause of the fair Venetian's delusion, the immaculate wig, in whose magnificent locks, as in those of the Hebrew giant, lay all my strength.

"It shall be done!" I mentally ejaculated, 'though at how great a sacrifice! The end must justify the means.'

"Then coldly and deliberately rising from my chair, at the very moment she had dropped the last leaf from her white fingers, with her soft cheek all aglow from the apparently-happy result of her little incantation, and her smiling brown eyes timidly looking into mine, I desperately seized the ambrosial locks and held them high in air above my denuded poll!

"Imagine, if you can, her start of horror, her sudden change of expression, from blushing happiness to pitiable bewilderment and utter disgust! She stood for a moment perfectly motionless, as if totally unable to realize her situation; then, clasping her hands before her eyes, as if to shut out the fearful sight, rapidly retreated to her apartment. The remedy was effectual, for I have never seen my pretty coquette since; and so ended the amusing little episode, to which, I must confess, I have often looked back with a feeling of regret, slightly tinged with remorse."

Memorandum in my journal runs thus: "Should we go to Venice, must not fail to look out for the Hôtel B—."

If any one has a desire to see the *élite* of Florence society, let him go to the Cascini, which lies just beyond the city-wall, along the Arno. On Sundays and fête-days you will find a capital band there, which all the world turns out to enjoy. The grounds in fine weather are always sure to be filled with countless promenaders, male and female equestrians, handsome open carriages, filled with elegantly-dressed ladies, and drawn by superb horses. The band is generally stationed in a large open space, which seems to be the chief point of attraction, for here generally assemble the great mass of vehicles, whose occupants keep up a lively interchange of compliments and other small talk. Here you have an admirable opportunity to study the graces and beauty of the fair Tuscans, who most amiably do every thing in their power to gratify your curiosity. The arrangement of a shawl, the readjustment of a stray curl, or the pulling off of a glove, may

each  
the m  
hand.  
Al  
the F  
ever  
spicu  
the B  
Fr  
view o  
domes  
Hills  
elope  
uous A  
"bosom  
distant  
backgr  
luxuria  
you ha  
ing pi  
the eye  
of gaz  
the m  
recall v  
The  
magnifi  
Galileo  
servato  
that h  
study th  
ies. A  
cended  
I could  
ing the  
lightene  
when th  
osopher  
before t  
Inquisit  
"Fin  
Holy F  
doctrine  
ing in th  
world, a  
is absur  
ondly, it  
osophy;  
is dam  
contrary  
tures. A  
doctrine  
is not th  
world, n  
is, in th  
absurd in  
second p  
philosoph  
third pla  
A gre  
in platin  
the produ  
had we en  
portunate  
before the  
chase the  
and tails.  
bring into  
politans i  
While  
Molo, for  
fishermen  
heads wa  
the air, ar  
arily for t

each involve a variety of easy and graceful movements, as well as the momentary display of a fine bust, a white throat, or a dimpled hand.

All this charming coquetry, however, is by no means confined to the Florentine dames, who are really almost outnumbered by the everlasting tourists, French, English, and American, who are conspicuous everywhere upon the Continent, more especially in Florence the Beautiful.

From the heights of Fiesole, you have a most lovely and extensive view of the valley of the Arno, where lies Florence with her stately domes and towers, her splendid churches, and Giotto's Campanile. Hills covered with olives, myrtles, and climbing vineyards, gently slope to the greenest of green valleys, watered by the broad and sinuous Arno, on whose banks gleam the white walls of countless villas, "bosomed high in tufted trees." Imagine the mellow tints of the distant Apennines as a background to all this luxuriant loveliness, and you have a most charming picture, on which the eye is never tired of gazing, and which the mind delights to recall when far away.

There is another magnificent view from Galileo's Tower, or Observatory—for it is said that here he used to study the heavenly bodies. As we slowly ascended its three stories, I could not help recalling the words of the enlightened Holy Fathers when the learned philosopher first appeared before the Court of the Inquisition at Rome.

"Firstly," said the Holy Fathers, "your doctrine of the sun being in the centre of the world, and immovable, is absurd in itself; secondly, it is false in philosophy; and, thirdly, it is damnable, as being contrary to the Scriptures. And, again, your doctrine that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, is, in the first place, absurd in itself; in the second place, false in philosophy; and, in the third place, an error, to say the least of it, in point of faith."

A great number of the inhabitants of Fiesole employ themselves in plating straw, of which they make a profitable trade by sending the products of their industry to various parts of the world. Scarcely had we entered the town when we were beset by a crowd of these importunate straw-merchants and their families, who fairly drove us before them, wildly imploring us, in the most frantic manner, to purchase their bundles of braids and straw birds with impossible heads and tails. The enormous amount of gesticulation the Italian people bring into play on all occasions is really wonderful; among the Neapolitans it is especially observable.

While passing through one of the streets of Naples—or on the Molo, for example—stop for a few moments to observe a group of fishermen; hear the incessant chatter of their voluble tongues; how heads wag, eyes flash, and teeth gleam; how arms are thrown into the air, and fists become so powerfully active that you look momentarily for the glitter of the sharp knife which all these men wear, and

fear the whole thing is about to result in a general battle. Now, were you near enough to overhear the subject of their conversation, you would probably find that this immense amount of vital energy was being expended on the friendly recital of some successful piscatorial adventure.

To witness the passionate warmth of their religious feeling is sometimes almost painful; often, while standing in one of their magnificent churches, lost in admiration of the resplendent marbles, mosaics, gilded shrines, crucifixes, paintings, images, and glorious stained-glass glowing with gorgeous color, your attention will be startled by the sudden entrance of an apparently-frantic female, who throws herself prostrate upon the marble pavement, as if in a despairing condition of mind; you observe another fervently kissing the feet of an image, perhaps bathing them with her tears; while a third is upon her knees before some distant saint, whose marble drapery gleams through the uncertain light.

Before leaving Florence we did not fail to pay our devotions to "Dante's Stone," whereon, it is said, he was wont to sit for hours in mournful meditation. My mind's ere readily conjured up the thin, dark-robed figure, the sallow and somewhat saturnine visage looking as if no cheerful thought had ever visited his brain, or smile parted his thin lips.

Of the picture-galleries I will say nothing. A mere catalogue of pictures, which is all that I could pretend to give, can be found in the guide-books; but art criticism should be left to connoisseurs.

On our way to Venice we stopped at Padua, a rare old city, suggestive of much learning and stateliness. Its streets have a gloomy aspect, owing to the broad arcades on each side, supported by massive pillars, which, in fact, make the whole city, as some traveller says, look like a cloister.

The Brenta is a decidedly slow-moving and uninteresting river, and without a particle of beauty to recommend it to the most enthusiastic traveller. The country gradually becomes nearly as flat as Holland, but well cultivated, with fine green meadows, abundance of olives, and, now and then, long rows of poplars. But something tells you—some pleasant perfume in the air—that you are approaching the sea. Your imagination is becoming excited, your pulse quickens with eagerness, when suddenly, just while you are in a state of feverish expectation, and you are afraid that your companion will address you with some commonplace remark in unsophisticated English, and so break the charm, the train stops at a railway-station, and you are told that you have reached Venice.

Now, a railway station is altogether foreign to our ideas of what the approach to Venice ought to be; and terribly confusing to the mind is it to be forced to pull down all the lofty dreams that have been filling it for the last hour or two, and to find yourself surrounded by a troop of noisy individuals in utterly unpicturesque costumes,



"A good canal enof; 'tis only ven de tide is cut she schmells."



crying out, like so many New-York hack-drivers, "Gondola? Barca? Gondola? Barca?" So, although I knew of all these exceedingly unromantic circumstances from the experience of others, yet their actual occurrence came upon me like a blow from Thor's hammer. Even after we were seated in our dark, funereal gondola, and were slowly moving down the Grand Canal, with the gray old palaces on either hand, looking like poor patricians who had once seen better days and were now condemned to stand upon the brink of that which would one day prove their own watery grave, I believe the prevailing feeling with all our party was one of disappointment, though all remained perfectly silent, as if ashamed to acknowledge the truth to each other.

Our first visit, however, to the noble Piazza San Marco more than restored our preconceived ideas, filling us with the greatest admiration and delight, and though, through the medium of pictures and photographs, every one is familiar with the superb buildings that surround it, yet here color, warmth, and animation, are added to complete the picture, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Standing opposite the ducal palace, with its colonnade of massive pillars, bearing a lighter one above, and its checkered walls of white and red marble, my eyes suddenly rested upon the capital of one of the corner columns, with its curiously-sculptured Judgment of Solomon, and I remembered, with a feeling of tenderness tugging at the parental heart, how, a night or two before I left my household gods, I was showing to my little ones—now, alas! three thousand miles away—a stereoscopic view of this very angle of the ducal palace.

On the east side of the piazza, whose magnificent pavement is of square pieces of gray marble with white tracery, stands the glorious Temple of St. Mark, whose once gilded domes instantly transport the imagination to Constantinople. The immense amount of Oriental marble, bass-reliefs, bronzes, gilding, and mosaics, with which the whole surface of this remarkable building is covered, is truly marvellous. In front of the cathedral stand the three gigantic bright-red flag-staffs that once supported the standards of the three vassal kingdoms of the republic—Cyprus, Candia, and the Morea. On a line with these, the Campanile lifts its square brick tower three hundred and thirty feet into the air. At its base stands Sansovino's beautiful little lodge, elegantly adorned with statues, bass-reliefs, bronzes, and marbles.

At the end of the *piazzetta* which terminates on the quay are planted the two columns of Oriental granite, said to have been brought from the Holy Land, one surmounted by the winged Lion of St. Mark, and the other by the statue of St. Theodore. Any reward having been offered to him who should succeed in raising them to their present position, Nicolo il Barattiere, as he was called, who at length overcame the difficulty, demanded the *legalization of gambling between the columns*. The grant being unavoidable, the spot was at the same time dedicated to public executions, for which reason it was considered a bad omen even to cross this space. It is said that the unfortunate Marino Faliero landed here when about to assume the dogedom.

We ascended the Campanile, not by a staircase, but by an inclined plane, which a royal personage is said to have once ascended on horseback. From a gallery near the summit we looked down upon magnificent but melancholy Venice, which, though broken into many islands, from that height seemed but one, with the Grand Canal winding through it, spanned by the Rialto, and communicating with the minor water streets of the city. On the west lie the porphyry hills of Euganea; on the east rolls the Adriatic; and in the distance a splendid panorama of the snowy Alpine peaks glitters like fire in the setting sun.

The Piazza San Marco is the very centre of Venetian life; its superb marble colonnades, under which at one time the nobles alone had the privilege of walking, are both day and night thronged with animated crowds of people. At night it is especially attractive; the brilliantly-lighted shops and *cafés*, starred and garlanded with lamps, are filled with well-dressed loungers of both sexes, who here assemble to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, to eat ices, to drink excellent coffee, and to listen to good music. It is one of the hardest things in the world to tear yourself away from the fascinations of this brilliant and animated scene. With the cheerful sounds of merry laughter, tinkling glasses, rustling silks, and soft Italian voices lingering in the ear, and color, light, and loveliness still charming the eye, it is indescribably depressing to find yourself once again seated in your black gondola, moving along a dark and dreary canal.

It is a melancholy truth that, on opening my window the first morning after our arrival, the odor that arose from the canal beneath was of so fearful a character as to cause me to petition the "gentlemanly proprietor" of the Hôtel C—, a stout Teuton of much courtesy of manner and very little English, for a change of apartment. This favor he politely and immediately granted, adding, as if by way of apology for the offending canal, while his broad, good-natured face expanded into one of the very blindest of smiles, "Ja, ja, mein Herr, it is a goot canal enof; 'tis only ven de tide is out she schmella."

You may be sure we did not fail to cross the far-famed Bridge of Sighs, and, torch in hand, descend into the gloomy stone cells whose blackened walls have so often echoed the despairing groans of the unhappy victims of a cruel state policy. The only light allowed the prisoner within must have been received, through a small loophole in the thick walls, from a lamp hung in the outer passage. Names and inscriptions, cut in the rough stone with the points of nails by the wretched captives, are still shown to the curious visitor, who cannot help feeling a thrill of pity as he throws the light of the torch he carries on these painful records of human suffering. It was by no means easy to forget all this, even when once more out in the cheerful sunlight, and again filling our oppressed lungs with the soft, delicious air of the South.

## DECORATION DAY.

I.

O DAY of sweet blossoms  
And memories sweet,  
That now on the altar  
Of liberty meet,  
And mingle their incense  
Alike to perfume  
The corporal's grave  
And the general's tomb!

II.

Wherever are sleeping  
Our patriot brave,  
A wreath is descending  
For every grave,  
As if the archangels  
In many a crown  
Had woven a rainbow  
And showered it down.

III.

Flowers of the magnolia,  
The South bringeth forth,  
And twines them to-day  
With the rose of the North;  
For over the fallen  
We plighted our troth,  
And the dead of the UNION  
Belong to us both.

IV.

If we have forgotten  
Some mound on the hills—  
Some miniature grave  
That a drummer-boy fills—  
God above it will hang  
When the evening lowers,  
A star-spangled banner  
Sublimar than ours.

CLARENCE F. BUNN.

## OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS.

THERE is a wide difference between the new and the old fashioned garden in many respects; and few who have lived by an open, breezy lawn, with groups of trees, the outline lost in shrubbery, gay with bright flower-beds, with glades that wander off into cool woods, and vistas that open on the distant landscape, would be willing to sacrifice the freedom and beauty of the general effect for the close quarters of the old garden, with its fences, and hedges, and mixed crops.

Whoever now plans a country home, demands the lawn as its chief feature, and, impatient of straight lines and right angles, would have his paths seem to wander as carelessly as the track of the humming-bird when he goes from flower to flower, demanding its buried sweets. But with all its indifference to openness and breadth, its mixture of the useful and the beautiful, its determined right angles, which seemed to force its less agreeable features into sight, there was a pleasure in the old-fashioned gardens that we, who lived in them in our childhood, can never forget.

The paths were the keys to the place; the land was divided by them into squares or parallelograms, edged with box or till, bordered with shrubs and perennials, and shaded by fruit-trees; the enclosed space was devoted to fruit or vegetables, or occasionally to a grass-plat, with a statue or a vase or rustic basket, or perhaps a fountain, in its centre.

But however incongruous the mixture, the straight paths, with their wide borders, were just the places to show the masses of bulbs, perennials, and annuals, when in bloom, for which the flower-bed in the lawn can make very little room. The long lines and masses of blue, white, and pink hyacinths, mixed with violets, forget-me-nots, blood-root, trillium, bell-wort, pink and white phlox, of the spring, gave place, as the summer approached, to lines of yellow, scarlet, and purple tulips, which marked the paths with unmistakable distinctness.

Before the tulips were fairly gone, they were forgotten in the opening blossoms of the blue and white Canterbury-bells, the fox-glove, ragged robin, scarlet poppies, red and pink peonies, scarlet lychnis, white and red phlox, fraxinella, and groups of white lilies that filled the garden with their delicious fragrance, and glistened like snow among the green leaves.

Tall bushes of June roses, the Scotch yellow Harrison, white cottage, Lady Washington, cabbage, moss, damask, thornless, maiden's blush, and a host more, grew higher than the head, and were so full of buds and blossoms that no one could question the right of the rose to be called the queen of flowers. In the dewy morning the full-blown roses were gathered in baskets, to be packed away with salt until the good housewife could distil out of them their rose-water. But with the roses and the lilies the glory of the flower-garden culminated; there were bunches of tall larkspur and acornite, and summer and autumnal phloxes and hollyhocks to maintain some show of color; beds of mignonette, thyme, lavender, and sage, gave their sweetness to the wind; asters, balsams, coreopsis, four-o'clocks, zinnias, tried to replace the perennials, but August and September could make no floral show which would compare with June. The scarlet geranium, heliotrope, and verbena, which had been carefully nourished during the winter, brightened a few spots; petunias crept among the bushes, and hung their white and purple bells over the edges of the walks; but the summer glory of the garden was the blushing cheeks of peaches, purple plums, golden pears, red-streaked apples, and the humbler crops of melons, tomatoes, corn, and cabbages. The grape borders and arbors were no longer fragrant with spicy blossoms, but grew slowly purple with Isabellas and ruddy with Catawbas. In favored spots, on some sheltered wall or rock, the sweet-water, contending with creeper or honeysuckle, would give a few ripe bunches of grapes. The trumpet creeper and clematis wreathed their white and orange colored blossoms above their dark-green leaves; and when the creeper threw its flame-colored flowers into the air, or covered the top of a wall or fence with a crest of leaves and flowers, the clematis filled the spaces below with a white, feathery softness.

The monthly honeysuckles still gave a few blossoms, but the scarlet and yellow trumpet and the evergreens were silent, and could show only red and waxy, sticky, tasteless berries for the bright, fragrant blossoms of spring.

As we walked down the paths in September, and heard the shrill shout of the cicada, the quick chirrup of the cricket, the drowsy hum of the bees in search of fruit-honey, the air just scented with lavender or sage or musk, we thought more of peach or pear or ruddy apples

than of the delicate form, color, and fragrance of the flowers, whose dried and mildewed leaves reminded us rather of death than glory, and gave no hint of the beauty that only a few weeks before filled all the space.

The long alleys of the old garden were choice places for many plants that are shy of the sun; there were beds of vivica, nummularia, and stone-crop, whose thick leaves made good borders for shaded walks and to separate the paths of inside beds.

In some gardens, as in some houses, all things were kept clean and neat; no litter or rubbish was allowed to remain; the box was trimmed close, the overhanging branches pruned out of the way; but in others there was carelessness, and the box grew high enough for birds to nest in, and the tiny feet of the babies of the family often raised them on tiptoe to peep in among the crisp, fragrant leaves at the speckled brown eggs or callow young.

Elder brothers and sisters gathered round to restrain the little fingers that would have lifted out the tender birds by wing or leg, unconscious of the mischief which too much curiosity might cause.

Behind the box, there were often tufts of clove and carnation pinks, whose dark colors and rich fragrance were a joy to mothers and fathers, young men and maidens; but whose short, thick leaves were choice hiding-places for Easter eggs, and the children grew up, loving the pinks because of their association with hidden treasures.

At some point where two walks met, or where the path ended at a neighbor's boundary, there was an arbor of lattice-work, painted green and white, with square windows, seats round the inside, and a table in the centre. The arbor was covered by crimson and pink bausault or Michigan roses, mixed with honeysuckle or woodbine, or buried under the great leaves of the aristotolia, whose queer crooked flowers give it the common name of Dutchman's pipe; and, though haunted by mosquitoes and spiders, often damp and mouldy, was the children's play-house, the lovers' retreat, and the scene of many a tea-drinking and picnic. The prim neatness of New-England households, that seemed to cramp or fetter young souls, was forgotten in the old garden, where no mortal gardener could keep things within bounds or in order. Shrubs and perennials would outgrow shears and spade; trees would stretch their branches into forbidden spots; there was a luxuriant abandon that freed the children from the dread of punishment for disorderliness, and seemed to invite to a free and easy life. Where one of these old gardens still exists, we find the favorites of past generations, some almost forgotten now. Rose-bushes that have stretched into trees, honeysuckles that have long since swelled over stake and trellis, and have been clipped and pruned until their stems have grown trunk-like and have changed them from vines to shrubs; great magnolias, that hold up one or two hundred purple or white cups at a time to catch the warm rays of the spring sun; weeping ash and elm trees that are now dense arbors, their branches trailing widely over the ground; weeping beeches that might be likened to water-falls of green and purple leaves. Frumity climbs from bush to tree, its little pink blossoms and glaucous, fine-cut green leaves giving a lace-like decoration to every plant they cling to. And there are masses of single hollyhocks, pink, red, white, and yellow; and, when the summer is gone and the cool autumn winds remind us of winter, we find in a corner a bed of the autumnal crocus, as beautiful in form and color as their sisters—the harbingers of spring; cultivated not for their beauty, but that the thrifty housewife may save their pistils for saffron, to be gathered, dried, and hung up with the bundles of dried thyme, lavender, sage, and sweet-marjoram.

The old garden was a variety-shop, and was quite equal in its stock of plants to that *omnium gatherum*, the village store; but there was an odd formal irregularity and bountifulness in the heterogeneous collection that made it a most attractive place, and keeps its memory green in the heart of many a man who delves in noisy workshops, hot factories, and cheerless counting-rooms.

These old gardens knew nothing of the beauty of the white centaurea, the crimson coleus, never heard of canna, colodium, or a chrysanthus, had no masses of verbena and geranium, no beds of purple fragrant heliotrope, were never decorated so as to produce particular effects of color, often grew weedy as the summer passed, and before autumn lost their special charms of flower and fragrance; but there was a rich memory of May and June which stimulated the imagination all winter, and made every member of the household eager to see the snow disappear and to search for the first snow-drop, crocus, and violet.

ROBERT MORRIS COPELAND.

## TABLE-TALK.

THE Bishop of Peterborough having recommended that manners should be taught as part of the curriculum of the national schools, the question has arisen in England whether it is possible to teach good manners by such a means. The best way to answer the question is to give the matter a fair trial. We should be glad to see some of our American boards of education take up the subject, for certainly the general public give evidence of a great need of reform in this direction. The *London Spectator*, in discussing the question, concedes that manners can be taught as a discipline, but instances the superficial character of a breeding thus instituted. "No instruction in manners," it says, "can be so perfect as that of the domestic servant, and no lesson can be more perfectly learned. The well-trained servant or waiter, in his employer's presence, is a model of manners, civil, obliging, yet independent; he lacks nothing but the tone which can be communicated only by culture, by the long-continued habit of command, or by exceptional moral qualities. But then he dons his manners with his uniform, and, once off duty, displays all the roughness or brutality of which observers complain. He puts off with his service-coat even the modulated voice, which is the first requisite of good manners, and which is preserved by the cultured classes so carefully that they, in the end, forget that it is entirely artificial. There is sometimes no brute in the world like a soldier off duty, who, for twenty years, has been drilled in all the essentials of manners; no one so hopelessly vulgar as the shopman, who, in his shop, appears to be so full of self-respecting civility. The lad, who at school was drilled into decorum, would not have half the real training in manners obtained by the soldier, the servant, or the little shop-keeper, and we do not see why he should be expected to retain his false mental skin any longer than they do." While there is a large share of truth in all this, it would probably be found that, if our girls and boys were taught manners thoroughly and systematically in the public schools, the instruction coming at the impressive period of life, a large measure of good would be the result. Schools, as it is, leave their impression on the manners of children; and everybody concedes that, whatever may be the deficiencies as regards sound education in fashionable boarding-schools, good-breeding is at least one benefit conferred by them—a breeding, in the estimation of many, too artificial; but the friction of life soon rubs off whatever about it that may be too rigid or purely superficial. If the high tone of good manners can only be acquired in the refined atmosphere of polite circles, good habits can at least be inculcated at school, and the essential coarseness and rudeness, that are the consequence of vulgar homes, may in some measure be qualified by the discipline of the school-room. We would emphatically urge upon our school-commissioners the consideration of this subject. Manners are minor morals that act more or less upon the greater morals, and good-breeding influences the conduct of men

more effectually than can always be computed. Manners do not make the vicious virtuous; they do not reach down to the depravity of essentially bad men, but over the average human creature they exercise a great control. The world, at least, would be no worse for a general good-breeding, and certainly would be far more agreeable. These are truisms, perhaps, but the current disposition to underrate the value of manners justifies their repetition; and we would fain awaken a public interest in the suggestion that manners should form a regular feature in the training of our public schools.

— We hear it sometimes said that men deprecate learning and genius in the opposite sex because they are afraid of brilliant women. But the men thus charged with mental pusillanimity in regard to intellectual women, are not commonly supposed to exhibit a similar dread of learned and accomplished persons of their own sex. No man withholds from a club because great men belong to it. No man is afraid of a career at the bar, in literature, or in politics, because distinguished persons are connected with those professions, whom it will probably be his destiny to meet and perhaps professionally to encounter. Men, if any thing, are over-confident in all intellectual struggles with their fellows; self-respect, or pride, or conceit—some motive either worthy or unworthy—prevents them from acknowledging inferiority, even if they are conscious of it. It cannot, therefore, be that men dislike learned women because they are apprehensive of intellectual fence. People are usually too unconscious of defeat in all encounters of wit to dread it much. Their very insensibility to the palpable hits and the verbal triumphs of an opponent give them no fear of the conversational arena. The dulness or the indifference of men in this particular is alone sufficient to prevent them from disliking ability in women; and then every man is so profoundly assured of the intellectual inferiority of the other sex that, in the abundance of his confidence, he has no doubt. Clever men know that the most brilliant women are always vulnerable in argument, and stupid men talk on without ever knowing they are defeated. Why, then, is conspicuous ability disliked in women? It may be asserted by some people that we are assuming our ground, and that it is not certain that men are offended at the evidence of talent in the other sex. We think it must be conceded they are—not but what every man imagines women of genius in whom he could find delight; but, whatever learned women may say or think about the matter, the first, the second, and the third essential quality that every man admires in his mother or seeks for in a wife is womanliness. If genius and learning can enhance this supreme grace, genius and learning will be admired in women; but, so long as it is believed that intellectual force extinguishes or diminishes delicacy, gentleness, and sweetness, men will dread its manifestation in their wives and daughters. Frivolity and insipidity, which men are accused of liking in women, are simply accepted with forbearance when they are accompanied by those charms of sex that make women delightful, and which compensate for

so many shortcomings. Judgment, taste, discretion, vivacity—all good qualities of sound minds, are excellent things; but even these in women must be fused into a harmonious, mellow, unobtrusive unity. Delicacy of apprehension, quickness of perception, capacity of appreciation—these supreme womanly qualities of mind every man of taste delights in; but loud argument, boisterous assertion, clamorous talk, these things men do most decidedly dread in women, and these things have too commonly marked our intellectual Amazons. Do not let our ladies lay the flattering unction to their souls that men fear their mental superiority; let them rather believe that there is gallantry enough among us yet even to delight in their victories over ourselves; but let them understand that, so long as man inherits the nature of Adam, the primal delight of his heart will be in fresh, fair, and gentle women, and every honest man will confess that he does fear in woman whatever may tend to rob her of these graces.

— One of the most curious features of the present French revolution is the prominence assumed by General Cluseret. This personage is well known in New York, where he has resided many years, and where he has repeatedly attempted to take a part in public affairs with very little success. He is a soldierly-looking man, rather above the middle height, with a swarthy complexion, and an air of firmness and determination. In 1864 he was concerned in the absurd attempt to make John C. Fremont a candidate for President in opposition to Mr. Lincoln and General McClellan. He edited for some time the *New Nation*, the organ of the Fremont faction, in which he wrote foolish and fantastic articles, exceedingly foreign in their tone and style, and as little likely to make a favorable impression on the American mind as if they had been printed in Chinese. He afterward went to Europe, and took part, we believe, in the Fenian attempt on Ireland. He turned up here again in the beginning of 1870 with a wild scheme of appealing to the Government for the redress of injuries which he had sustained from the Emperor Napoleon, who had ordered him out of France, on the ground that he was conspiring against the empire. The charge was doubtless true, for Cluseret is a born conspirator, and his visit to France was unquestionably not altogether with friendly purposes toward the empire. As he claimed, however, to be an American citizen, he insisted that his expulsion from France was an outrage on our national honor which demanded prompt retaliation or atonement. We believe that no attention was paid to his claims at Washington, where he was regarded as a somewhat crack-brained person with very little principle. The outbreak of the war between France and Germany led him again to Europe, and, after various rebuffs and failures, he has succeeded in becoming for a time the war minister of the Paris Commune. In appearance, in adventures, and to some extent in character, Cluseret resembles the Captain Bruges of "Lothair," though he has not the good sense nor probably the military skill ascribed to that adventurer. The fact that he has been able to make himself so prominent in the conduct of affairs at Paris is one of the



strongest indications that we have seen of the folly and desperation of the Communal insurrection. No party, no community possessing good sense and a reasonable amount of insight into character, would ever confide high office to such a charlatan.

— Theatre-goers in New York have for some weeks been enjoying the performances of Mr. Charles Matthews, the distinguished London comedian. Audiences composed of a more than usual proportion of refined and intellectual people have assembled to witness his renditions, which have so long been famous in London, and which recently won the favor of fastidious Parisian critics. Mr. Matthews appears in plays of a very slight calibre, and his performances have no significance or value beyond the temporary pleasure they confer upon the spectator. It is almost surprising to find so great a reputation identified with renditions so purely ephemeral; but, like the *genre* painters of France, the significance or meaning of his art is subordinated entirely to the grace and finish of the execution. The thoroughness of Mr. Matthews's art in part defeats itself, for people find it difficult to understand the merits of delineations in which nothing obtrusive or marked is permitted to disturb the perfect naturalness of the actor's style. The ease, grace, simplicity, and truthfulness of all that he does will be conceded by every critic, but the entire absence of effort blinds the ordinary observer to the mastery skill of the performer. That art which conceals art was never better exemplified than in the acting of Mr. Matthews. One must admit, however, that the exclusively light and eccentric characters that come within the *répertoire* of Mr. Matthews do not afford a very high order of entertainment. The play that gives subjects solely for the passing laugh most inadequately fulfils its mission. The imagination needs to be aroused and the sympathies awakened at the theatre; plays or actors that do less than this may possess every quality of perfect representation, but scarcely justify a very high recognition.

### Art Notes.

IN the spring exhibition of the Royal Academy, London, are some pictures by Millais. Of the two principal ones the *Athenaeum* speaks as follows: "Would that Mr. Millais had always done his powers the justice he has in his noble and pathetic landscape, 'Chill October!' It represents a little river bay, with its maze of whispering rushes rustling; one almost hears their secrets as they stand in a body by the bank, as in a gray day they shiver under a chill breeze. The breeze moves the surface of the river, and sweeps through the branches of the willows which fill part of the mid-distance, until the eye glances past them to the further banks of the stream. Over all is the gray sky, with here and there glimpses of its silver lining and an ashy firmament. The picture is a poem in painting, and the more admirable because its materials are homely, or at least found at home, and such as all those who can see may often see. The subject was found on a back-water of the Tay; the art of the painter has supplied that subtle grading of light and tone which all enjoy, while few understand it; that natural and perfect harmony

of low notes of color, grays and greens and whites, are reproduced as only a master can; the bringing of color, light, and tone to complete accord, in which lie the triumphs of *chiaroscuro*, the ineffable charm of the least definable phase of art is the painter's doing, and by far the most fortunate attempt of the kind that he has made. Mr. Millais's largest picture represents the upholding of the hands of Moses by Aaron and Hur while Israel fought with Amalek in Rephidim. Moses was on the mountain; the battle took place in the valley, where the Amalekites had surprised the feeble rear-guard of the Jews, and Joshua was sent to the rescue: 'And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun. And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword.' The composition of this picture is singularly original and expressive. The sky behind the figures has the ruddy flames of sunset. Moses is seated; his face displays utter absorption in passionate prayer, and he seems as irremovable as his rock; yet his supporters themselves are exhausted, as with both hands each grasps an arm of Moses, and, pressing it against his breast, bears it up with his hands—back, loins, and lower limbs, all centred to one action. Aaron, in red, with the water-bottle by his side, is erect and stiff and strong, in ripe age. He turns half about, so as to catch a glimpse of the fight in the valley below the rocky mountain-side, on which the three are placed; yet he seems tired, however resolute. Hur has the staff-hand of Moses, and, like Aaron, clasps it against his breast, bringing to the support of it all his remaining strength; that of his arms has departed long ago. Such is the design and composition of this work; among its more striking qualities is that of fine flesh-painting. Mr. Millais has had this picture in hand during several years past; it does him great honor, and redounds to his credit far more than many of his recent works, which have a tendency the other way." Page, the president-elect of our National Academy of Design, has a large picture of the same subject which he painted nearly twenty years ago.

In the London Exhibition is a painting by Gérôme, *A Vendre*, which is described as follows: "The life-size figure of a girl, who is placed 'for sale' outside a shop in a market, probably in Egypt—a naked, dusky damsel, hardly clothed by her long and thick hair, which hangs in black masses about her shoulder, bust, and face; through these masses she glances with a sulky fire, which is finely expressed. Her salesman sits behind in his shop; at her feet is another female for sale—a Nubian, in a white cotton robe, with red flowers in her black hair, and occupied by a monkey, whose profile is oddly like her own, and who nestles against his mistress's shoulder; she clasps a knee with her hands, resting against a Turkey carpet; a silver-sheathed weapon and other articles of trade hang by the shop, where the master reclines at ease, including a gawdy parrot and a beautiful haliotis shell. The dark, half-subdued luxury of the chief girl's sorrowful eyes gleaming in the shadows of her tangled hair—the lithe, muscular freshness of her form—her exuberant limbs, and their fine color—constitute the charms of this picture. Its masterly, broad, yet tender painting and largeness of style will, notwithstanding a certain hardness and the by

no means unimpeachable quality of certain parts of the drawing of the figure, delight artists. The color is extremely rich—free from the metallic lustre which is too common a defect in M. Gérôme's works. The painter has represented the fair and dark races by his women: the one idle, and content with physical ease; the other—however violent, troubled by grief and moved by passion, weak in sense of right and wrong—suffers in constraint, and would strive to be free, even if freedom meant labor."

In Hammerton's "Thoughts about Art," a work that has attracted much attention both here and in England, occurs a passage on the difficulties of landscape-drawing, which we quote: "The extreme refinement of form in natural landscape is a point so little understood by the public, and by the painters of portrait and *genre* who exercise authority in the artistic profession, that I hardly like to mention it here at all. The impression among figure-painters that landscape is easy to draw, and the readiness with which, on the authority of figure-painters, the world has accepted the doctrine, make it painfully evident that all these good people have never really looked at natural landscape at all, nor attempted seriously to copy it. Now landscape is not merely difficult to draw, but it is infinitely difficult; that is to say, that the best designer of the figure now alive upon the earth, whoever that may be, if he really set himself in earnest to draw a mountain as it is, would find, after any quantity of labor and care, that he had only been able to draw it in a manner which is to be called good out of indulgence for the weakness of human faculties, and in a certain restricted sense, and that the natural mountain still remained at quite an infinite and unapproachable distance beyond him. As for the slight sketches of mountains which figure-painters are accustomed to put behind their personages by way of background, they bear precisely the same relation to real mountain-painting that the figures we landscape-painters sketch in our compositions to do real figure-painting. If I can judge of the progress of others by my own, I should say that one of the clearest signs of advancement in drawing is a steady increase in refinement of line and consequent moderation, and that the best proof of progress in color is an increasing relish for slight gradations and faint reliefs, and quiet harmonies."

"The French," says the *Saturday Review*, "believe themselves the greatest landscape-painters on the face of the earth; and yet their ideas about Nature are all but unintelligible to the average run of Englishmen. Certain distinctions between the two national schools are evident. Our English painters, it may be said, hold the mirror up to Nature; their transcripts are photographic, uncolored by emotion; hard, tangible facts are wrought out literally, even mechanically. On the other hand, French landscape-painters approach Nature with passion, their eye kindles with the fire of frenzy, and is sometimes shaded with melancholy. It has been said with truth that a Parisian rushes at Nature as a relief to artificial city life, as a healthful reaction from a highly-wrought civilization. And it is easy to understand how men who promenade for months along the cut avenues and prim flower-beds of the Champs Elysées may feel a wild sense of liberty on reaching the Forest of Fontainebleau, or when careering across the wide plains of Algeria. French landscape-artists show the glee of a caged bird escaped, of a prisoner let loose, of a traveller long bound to

shipboard when touching the land, treading the grassy turf or gazing on cool green trees. Sometimes, however, relief comes too late; the spirits cannot regain elasticity, Nature herself seems gloomy, and pictures then painted will share in the mind's melancholy."

In Goupil's Gallery hangs a new picture by Mr. Church. The subject is "Jerusalem." It presents an excellent topographical panorama of the site and surroundings of the Holy City, but has few of the merits which make a really fine work of art. The sky, perhaps the best feature of the scene, has a good deal of merit in the formation of its clouds, and the feeling of space one receives from it. Otherwise the color is thin and poor; and this thinness and coldness of tone applies equally to all parts of the picture. The city, Jerusalem itself, is very minutely drawn, but every object in it, from the wall, out as hard and sharply as a strip of paper against the pale grass without, and the pink buildings within it, lacks any feeling of distance, and any atmospheric effect. So too with the near foreground; the hill-side, the ravines, and the trees, though delineated with the most faithful exactness of detail, lack solidity of form, or the firmness of line which distinguishes a tree from a stone, or the stone from a rolling field.

"Whatever may be the capabilities and scientific excellences of the Albert Hall," says the London *Athenaeum*, "there is not much to call for remark in the architectural character of that vast structure. As a piece of engineering it seems to be all that could be desired, but neither its external nor internal aspects move any one to warm admiration. Probably its most satisfactory parts are the advanced porches, which are striking and picturesque, and the internal arcade, which, to say the least, is elegant in design. The architectural treatment of the organ, except so far as relates to certain hideous dunce pillars and the wooden arches which connect them, is very good indeed. The terra-cotta enrichments to the exterior are trite, tame, and rather coarse. As to the decoration of the interior, one may say that, while not without much elegance in the proportions of the details, the effect of the whole must necessarily depend on the nature of that chromatic enrichment of which it so greatly stands in need."

In Schaus's Gallery, Broadway, there hangs an ideal head, painted by Mrs. Ione Perry, called "Ferdinand," which has attracted some attention. It is designed to represent Shakespeare's Ferdinand of "The Tempest," at the moment he is listening to the mysterious and enchanting music that floats in the air from the lips of the invisible Ariel. The head is too ideal for Ferdinand—too ideal and sentimental for life or truth under any name. It almost entirely lacks the elements of man as a creature of flesh and passion, but it is such a face as poets sometimes like to dream of. These ethereal conceptions have a great charm for many minds; but Mrs. Perry must supplement her delicate imaginings with more strength if she would command general attention.

### Foreign Items.

PROFESSOR OPPOLZER, the great Austrian physician, who died a few weeks ago in Vienna, was a very eccentric man. He often went out among the poor of Vienna and prescribed for them in a disguised hand. One day he was at the bedside of a poor widow who was dangerously sick. All at once a messenger

from the Hofburg entered the room and requested Oppolzer to repair immediately to the imperial palace, the empress having been taken sick. Oppolzer inquired what was the matter with her. Upon receiving the reply that she had a very bad headache, he quietly said: "Her majesty can wait until to-morrow, but the widow here cannot." On another occasion the Emperor Ferdinand conferred a very high order upon him, but, as there were some charges to be paid on it, Oppolzer sent the order back.

The Prussian authorities state officially that the assertions of the French newspapers about the large number of Frenchmen who were said to have been flogged by order of the German officers are unfounded. That mode of punishment was administered only to twenty-three persons. Nine civilians were shot after trial by military commissions.

The Emperor Alexander of Russia was recently violently attacked by one of the domestics at the Winter Palace, who had suddenly become deranged. The czar did not succeed, without some difficulty, in overpowering the madman, and he bore traces of the struggle in his face for nearly a week.

All the officers of the court-martial which ordered the prominent ladies of Brescia to be publicly flogged in the year 1849 have been killed by the descendants of the victims. The last of these brutal military judges, Count Anstettin, was recently killed by a young man named Wacetti, whose mother had received fifty strokes of the *verges* at the barracks of Brescia in the above-mentioned year.

At the request of the Crown-Princess Victoria, the Emperor William has issued orders that henceforth all vacancies in the *personnel* of the public libraries of Prussia shall be filled by the widows of soldiers killed in the war with France.

Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is employing her spare hours usefully in taking lessons in the German language. Until quite recently the daughter of Ferdinand VII. and Maria Christina spoke only her own language, and that not very correctly.

Napoleon III. cannot be so very poor as some of his adherents would make us believe. His agents have recently invested for him upward of eleven hundred thousand florins in property situated at no great distance from Vienna.

Last year only forty-two German authors dedicated their books to Queen Victoria. Ten of them received in return presents of more or less value. The others had to content themselves with letters of thanks.

Lieutenant Bernhardt, the young officer of hussars who, as a reward for his gallant conduct in front of Paris, was allowed to head the German troops entering the French capital, has died of typhoid fever.

One of the principal grievances of the unruly Roumanians against their hospodar, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, is that the prince is secretly married to a German woman of plebeian descent and doubtful character.

The publishers of the music to the "Wacht am Rhein" have given one thousand thalers to the war relief fund, the sales of the celebrated war hymn having yielded them a very large profit.

The Emperor William has refused to add one hundred thousand dollars to the fund of

the Schiller *Stiftung* for poor German authors. He is dissatisfied with the way in which the *Stiftung* has recently been managed.

A Neapolitan professor has been detected in the attempt to purloin a number of very valuable curiosities from the Pompeian Museum. He had already sold them in advance to an English tourist.

Octave Feuillet writes, in a recent letter to a friend, that the terrible events in France have made so profound an impression upon his mind, that he is unable to do any serious literary work.

Maria Sophia Schwartz, the Swedish novelist, is the daughter of a German physician, and she writes all her books both in Swedish and in German. She has thus far published no fewer than thirty-one long romances.

The Belgian house, which has hitherto published the novels of Madame Rattazzi, has declined issuing her new book, "Eudoxie," on account of the offensive allusions it contains to the ex-Empress Eugénie.

Nyary, the most brilliant political orator of Hungary, committed suicide a few weeks ago at Pesth by throwing himself out of a fourth-story window. He was unable to meet his pecuniary obligations.

Professor Pilcher's thefts from the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, it has now been ascertained, amount to over seventy thousand rubles. What he did with all the valuable books is yet a mystery.

They have a funny way of voting at the elections in Roumania. The elections last two days. On the first day only voters voting "aye" are admitted to the polls. On the following day the "noes" are received.

The King of Bavaria intends to establish at Bamberg a school for actors and operatic performers. The building will cost one hundred and fifty thousand florins.

Among the lieutenants of the Communist army killed at the bridge of Neuilly was Berezowsky, the Pole, who tried to assassinate the Russian czar in the year 1867.

Kossuth has been persuaded by his new wife to return to his native country. Hitherto he had steadily refused to do so as long as a Hapsburg occupied the Hungarian throne.

Since his recent sickness, Rochefort's face presents a most repulsive appearance; blisters, covering it entirely, having been applied to it for many hours in order to save his life.

The most eloquent speaker in the German Parliament is Herr von Treitschke, a Heidelberg professor, who is so deaf that he is unable to hear his own words.

Like Napoleon I., General von Moltke at one time seriously intended to leave the service of his own country, and to become an officer in the Turkish army.

Rochefort has lost every sou he earned by publishing *La Lanterne*. Neither the *Marseillaise* nor the *Mot d'Ordre* ever paid expenses.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria presents one hundred florins to every mother in the Austrian monarchy bearing her eighth child.

Murad Ary is the name of a Turkish novelist whose works are said to be exceedingly interesting.

Jean Jacques Offenbach, the composer, has

purchased a house in St. Petersburg, where he will henceforth reside.

The losses which the French publishing trade sustained in consequence of the war of 1870 are estimated at forty million dollars.

They say in Constantinople that the Sultan of Turkey is so illiterate as to be unable to write his own name.

Louis Blanc has offered to give one-half of his large fortune to the fund for paying the war debt of France.

Perloff, the Russian poet, has been granted a pension of two thousand rubles by Czar Alexander II.

A translation of the Mühlbach novels into the Magyar language is now in course of publication at Pesth.

Prince Napoleon announces that he will publish an additional volume of the "Correspondence of Napoleon I." at his own expense.

The *Hamburg News* is the most profitable daily paper published in Germany.

The attempt to establish an illustrated paper at Copenhagen has failed.

Part of the Thorwaldsen Museum was recently destroyed by fire at Copenhagen.

Victor Hugo lives at present at the Hague.

## Miscellany.

### Notes of the Siege of Paris.

(Translated from the French for Appleton's Journal.)

#### INTER ARMA, LITERA.

AT Neuilly, in the environs of Paris, stood a charming little country-seat, the residence of Alexandre Flan, a sprightly composer of happy *vaudevilles*, noted among his intimates for his exuberant wit and high spirits. He had purchased this suburban retreat with the fruits of half a lifetime of labor—alas, in his case it proved much more than half!—had embellished it with a carefully-chosen and all but perfect theatrical library, and hoped that in this spot he might realize the *l'oeuvr* of his master Horace. One day he was abruptly told:

"You must get out of this place; the Prussians are coming, and, if the engineers do not pull down your house, the Prussians will sack it!"

"Leave this place," he replied; "impossible! No, it cannot be. I will wait; they will not come."

While he yet paced his little garden with uneasy step, where his own hand had grafted every tree; while he yet contemplated with affection all his books collected with so much pains and arranged with so much care—there came a rude knocking at the door. It was some engineer troops.

"Come, there is no use talking; you must move this evening!"

"This evening! Why, it would take eight days to remove my library alone!"

"So much the worse for your library. This house comes down to-morrow!"

The unhappy author was struck speechless. He said nothing more, but, hastily collecting a few necessities, wandered off he knew not where. At the first hotel he came across he asked for a room and went to bed.

When they went to call him in the morning

he was found there—dead! All that made life happy for him had been snatched away, and he fled from what was to him but a world of sorrow.

His sad history was that of many others.

Some were more fortunate, and found their houses uninjured by friend or foe at the close of the siege.

"At last we found our house," writes Théophile Gautier, describing a trembling visit to his little country-seat, "and on the outside nothing was changed. The head of Victory from the Parthenon, the marble for which had been brought from Athens, was still in its place on the wall of my workshop, flanked by the Venus of Milo, whose superb beauty, *vis superba forma*, had made me select her as the tutelary goddess of my humble abode. One window was open, as if the building still sheltered its former inhabitants. We accepted this as a good omen, and obtained entrance with beating hearts into this little place, as small as the home of Socrates—so small it would not have been difficult even to fill it with friends.

"There is a singular sensation on entering a long-deserted house, a feeling that you are disturbing some one who has lived there during your absence. You almost expect to see the flutter of robes behind the doors as these mysterious inmates flee before you. For at your approach the spirits hush their whisperings, the spider stops weaving its web, and silence reigns till the echo of your own footsteps rings through the deserted rooms with a strange, appalling sonority.

"Nothing had been touched. No damage done, no one had been there in my absence, the modest retreat of the poet had been spared.

"On my chamber mantel-piece a volume of Alfred de Musset was open as I left it. On the wall still hung a half-finished picture by my daughter, now far away, and in the maiden's little chamber there exhaled still a faint sweet odor from an unstopped bottle of perfumery which stood on the marble-covered dressing-table.

"From there I ascended to the workshop, in course of arrangement for labors which perhaps I was destined never to see accomplished; every thing was finished except painting, and the Oriental proverb, 'When a house is finished, Death enters,' forced itself vividly on my mind, standing on the spot where so many days, fraught with mingled good and evil—more evil, though, than good—had passed never to return; where so many friends had called, who had since departed on their long journey.

"Then in the garden, where I loitered a while before taking leave, an evening fog was rising and draped the ends of the avenues with gauzy curtains. A light breeze stirred the moist leaves, and the trees shivered as if they felt cold. An old black-and-yellow blackbird came hopping along the path and flapped his wings as though to bid me welcome. I knew the bird well; every spring he had built in the ivy that clung to the wall, and came whistling to my window partly, to overlook what I was writing.

"Just at this moment Mont Valérien fired two heavy guns, bidding good-night to the Prussian batteries. The explosion resounded through the agitated air, but the bird, well used to such disturbances, was not startled."

#### EPISTOLARY FENCING.

One day during the siege General Trochu received the following through a messenger from the Prussian outposts:

"VERSAILLER, December 5, 1870.

"It may be of service to your excellency to know that the Army of the Loire was defeated yesterday near Orleans, and that town occupied by the German forces. Should your excellency seek confirmation of this news, and desire to send one of your own officers to verify it, I shall be happy to furnish him with a pass to go and return.

"Accept, general, the expression of the high consideration with which I have the honor to be, your most humble and most obedient servant,

"VON MOLTKE,  
"Chief of Staff."

To this General Trochu replied:

"PARIS, December 6, 1870.

"Your excellency deems it may be of service to inform me that the Army of the Loire has been defeated near Orleans, and that town occupied by German troops. I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of this communication, which I do not intend to verify by the means which your excellency suggests.

"Accept, etc.,

"TROCHU,  
"Governor of Paris."

Two days after this there flew into besieged Paris a pair of carrier-pigeons which were recognized as belonging to a number of such birds taken out by the balloon *Daguerre*. Now, it was known in Paris that this balloon had fallen into the hands of the enemy near Ferrières. It was observed, too, that the papers attached to the birds were not fastened in the same way that the French were accustomed to do it. Here is one of these suspicious dispatches:

"To the Governor of Paris:

"Rouen occupied by Prussians, who are marching on Cherbourg. The country-people receive them with acclamations. Orleans is retaken by these devils. Bourges and Tours threatened. Army of the Loire completely routed. No further chance of safety in resistance. (Signed)

"A. LAVERTUJON."

The best of the joke was that M. Lavertujon, the assumed writer of this dispatch, was then in Paris, acting as secretary to the government.

#### THE FLYING POST.

Paul de St. Victor thus celebrates the services of the famous carrier-pigeons of Paris:

"They are the doves of this huge ark beaten by waves of fire and blood; and the delicate spiral of their airy track seems like a rainbow predicting the end of storms. Under their little wings the soul of the whole country palpitates. What kisses and tears, what hopes and consolation fall from their plumage, saturated with snow or torn by birds of prey! Returning to their nests, they bear hope, encouragement, life, to thousands of human dwellings. More than ever now, and in the purest sense of the word, do they merit the title, 'Birds of Love.'

"Like the storks of Northern cities, like the pigeons of Venice, they should be henceforth considered sacred. Paris should remove their dove-cots and establish them beneath the roof of a temple. The traditional poetry of this mighty siege, unique in history, will cluster around them. Their future flutterings in street and garden will ever remind us that there was a day when every heart in this great city hung on the wings of a carrier-pigeon! Let, then, a religious veneration cling to these



propitious birds. During her long siege, Venice, a thousand times more famished than Paris, forbade the pigeons of St. Mark to be touched. Corn was very scarce, men wrangled over a scrap of bread, but *their* food was never behindhand a single day. Venice, dying of hunger, threw to her pigeons the last grains from her empty granaries!"

#### THE SHELLS AND THE CITIZENS.

When the shells exploded on the street, all the street-boys scrambled for fragments, which they sold as keepsakes. A warm piece brought a higher price. Such was the curiosity among men, women, and children, that, as soon as a projectile had lodged in the ground, they all pressed to the spot. Finally, the government issued an order deprecating the practice. In this order, or proclamation, it was explained that one shell dropping at a given point was almost certain to be followed by two or three more, and to go there was like running under a spout when it was raining. Though all seemed to recognize the wisdom of this advice, nobody seemed to mind it.

When the workmen in the streets saw a well-to-do citizen coming along, well dressed, with large stomach decorated with white waistcoat and gold watch-chain, it was their great delight to shout, "Look out for the shell!" Then the good citizen would fall flat on his stomach in the mud (such was the course prescribed to avoid flying fragments), and was only informed of the joke that had been played upon him by a burst of laughter from the gratified crowd.

A wine-merchant at Auteuil, whose establishment had been struck by some projectiles, added to his sign, "Headquarters of Bomb-shells," and immediately drew a crowd of customers.

These were some of the pleasanter features of the bombardment, but there were, alas! some horribly-tragic scenes connected with it.

The men, being for the most part in the trenches or on the ramparts, were not nearly so much exposed to danger as the women and children in their houses. Women were killed with children at their breasts; children in the cradle; mothers of families at the doors of shops, trying to get provisions for their starving little ones at home. All Paris shuddered with horror at receiving the following invitation, which was widely distributed:

"M. and Mme. Jules Legendre, with great sorrow, inform you of the death of their daughters: Alice, three and a half years old, and Clémence, eight years old, both killed by a Prussian shell."

The seminary of St. Nicholas, one of the largest educational institutions in the capital, was struck, and five boys, from twelve to fourteen years old, were killed or wounded.

A school for young ladies was also entered by a shell, which mutilated several of the inmates and killed two outright.

An immense crowd followed these victims to their graves, and over the coffins of the scholars of St. Nicholas an eloquent, touching oration was delivered by Jules Favre, in which he denounced the needless barbarity that had caused so many innocent deaths.

Some fatality appeared to guide the shells to the hospitals, museums, and libraries, on the left bank of the Seine. But, after the hospital of the Val-de-Grâce had been struck many times, General Trochu placed the wounded Prussians there, and informed the Prussian commander of the fact. After that the building was not injured.

The sick, who were in temporary hospitals in the Luxembourg, were obliged to flee; the Garden of Plants was destroyed, and the mag-

nificent conservatories of the Museum, the finest in the world, utterly ruined. The venerable director of this establishment, the famous Chevreul, wrote as follows in the official record of the institution:

"The garden of medicinal plants, founded in Paris, January 3, 1696, under Louis XIII., changed into the Museum of Natural History in 1794, was bombarded under the reign of William I., King of Prussia, Count Bismarck being chancellor, by the Prussian army on the nights of the 8th and 9th of January, 1871. Up to this period it had been respected by all parties and all foreign powers."

#### DISCUSSING THE SURRENDER.

It is said that the government convoked a council of the superior officers of the army at the Hôtel de Ville.

After laying before them the condition of the defences and the amount of provisions left, the opinion of each one was asked separately, and the supreme command was promised to him who would take upon himself to defend the place to the last. From generals the offer passed to the colonels, from colonels to simple captains, but all declined this terrible honor.

One alone, it is said, though history so far is silent as to his name, energetically pointed out a plan for breaking through the lines of investment, which he said could not fail of success; but then, after breaking through, the army would have been in a desert, without means of subsistence, and speedily demolished by the enemy.

#### The Revolution of the Commune.

In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* there is a very able paper, by Frederic Harrison, on the "Revolution of the Commune," in which there is an attempt to explain the causes of the insurrection and the motives of the Communists. It points out the injustice that has everywhere characterized the criticisms of this movement and the extravagant misstatements that have been circulated by the press. It shows that while Paris has always been the real intellectual centre of France, its head and heart, the political power has been lodged in the provinces. The Bourbons, the Orléanists, and the Empire, have successively ruled Paris and the cities in direct opposition to the ideas of those great centres, by means of the support of the peasantry and the Church. The entire population of Paris is ardently republican; they resent the oppression of priesthood, soldiery, and police. But they seek a changed political state only as a step to a changed social state. "The workmen of Paris," says Mr. Harrison, "had found by bitter experience that not only was their political but their social future impossible while the bonds of centralization between the city and provinces remained. They found that their great industrial movement was crushed by a government resting on the country." But, in the language of one of their own documents, "our enemies deceive themselves when they accuse Paris of seeking the destruction of French unity. The unity which has been imposed on us up to the present by the empire, the monarchy, and the parliamentary government, is nothing but centralism, despotic, unintelligent, arbitrary, and onerous. The political unity as desired by Paris is a voluntary association of all local interests, the free and spontaneous co-operation of all individual energies with the common object of the well-being, liberty, and security for all." The ideas which animate the Communists are social as well as political, and it requires no little study of Parisian life and politics to comprehend the

complex motives that have prompted a revolution the real nature of which has been so little understood. Mr. Harrison concludes his eloquent paper as follows: "Though the mass of the workmen in Paris, like the mass of the people everywhere, who cling with intense love to their personal and domestic belongings, are not and never can be communists; they passionately believe in the spirit of which communism is the gross and extravagant expression. The people of Paris believe not in any god, nor in any man. But they have a religion of their own, for which they are ready to die. That religion is the faith that capital and its holders must adapt themselves to nobler uses, or they had better cease to exist. A society in which generation after generation passes away, consolidating vast and ever-increasing hoards of wealth, opening to the wealthy enchanted realms of idleness, luxury, and waste—laying on the laborer, generation after generation, increasing burdens of toil, destitution, and despair; a society in which capital has created a gospel of its own, and claims for the good of society a divine right of selfishness, the right to exert its powers at will indefinitely for the indulgence of its own desires, rebelling against any social control, and offering up 'with a light heart' the misery and degradation of the poor as a sad but inevitable sacrifice on the altar of competition—such a society these workmen of Paris will not forever tolerate. The war and the siege had rudely broken the splendid flow of the established order of things. For once luxury, pomp, and accumulation, had been arrested in mid-career. For six months they had all stood, rich and poor, side by side on the ramparts. They had seen themselves all brought down to the simple worth of man. They had seen the millionaire unable to buy a loaf with his hoards; they had seen the master of factories as poor and as helpless as Crusoe on his island. They had been called on to serve in arms, and they had served. They had been ill led, ill governed, distrusted, and eventually stung by a crushing and unexpected surrender. And now they were told it was all over. Their idle season was ended. The workshops in time would open; in the mean while they must shift for themselves, and in the first place pay the arrears of rent and debt which had grown while the war had suspended trade and cut off their earnings. It was hard, but they must submit to the law of competition, and supply and demand. They must shift for themselves; the great god Competition would, somehow, bring them out at last. In the interval numbers might starve or rot, but soon trade would revive; Capital, if they were quiet, would timidly return, and condescend to send for them; the gayety and life of the city were even now recovering; Luxury, Wealth, Self-indulgence, and gilded Vice, were hastening back to their old haunts after their tedious absence in foreign capitals; Pleasure would come back to her wild, satyr dance, and Enterprise to her grand mill, by whose myriad wheels colossal fortunes would be reared, and through whose gates the poor might crowd and crush for their pittance. The old familiar world had been suspended, but was not dead. It was about to restore its wonted triumph; and, while the poor scrambled and struggled for bread and life, Competition and Riot should renew the spectacle of selfish and pitiless ostentation. And this the workmen of Paris with arms in their hands, this, they said, should not be forever. Little knowing how to end it, or what it might be that could save them, they have thrown up this tremendous yet wild veto on the absolute reign of Capital. It is their protest against the selfish, anti-social independence of wealth—a

protest which now may fall of effect, which has but a small programme of its own, which may soon be silenced and crushed for a time, but a protest which nothing can stifle forever. The evil, it is true, is deeper than can be reached by any wild protest. Men cannot be forced by law, nor by revolutions, to be just, generous, and right-minded. As a political and violent remedy of profound social disorders, the Revolution of the Commune is abortive, and must fail. These disorders need a true education, a new morality, and an organized religion of social duty. But as a political solution of a profound political disorder, the oppression of the cities by the rural suffrage, the cause of the Commune has triumphed, however cruel the reaction it may suffer. Their great political programme is effectually founded in France; it is sufficiently suggested to Europe; and the bloody vengeance of the monarchists will not blot it out from the memory of the future."

#### Children in Santo Domingo.

A correspondent, describing the curiosities of Santo Domingo City, writes: "But the most singular of all are the spotted children; that is, white children turning black, or black children turning white. You may believe either, according to your politics. Whether this is a freak of Nature to show that the black and white races can live in harmony together on this island, or whether it is the beginning of a system to introduce white labor here and exterminate the black race, I leave for Democrats and Republicans to discuss in Congress. The spotted children are certainly curious specimens of Santo Domingo productions. There are not many of them, but enough for variety. There are children also here that have learned much of our coinage system, which is astonishing in creatures so young. They stand on street-corners, all over the city, and continually say to Americans who pass them, 'Five cents!' or 'Ten cents!'" according to the extent of their English or the knowledge of our coins. They also plead for cigar-stumps, for I believe that unfortunate children of tender age here are 'brought up' on nicotine instead of lactical fluids. They all smoke from the time they walk, without regard to sex, race, color, or previous condition."

#### Varieties.

A STRING and gun trap for tigers, invented by Captain Rogers, of the British East India service, seems to be a great success. The *Jubbulpore Chronicle* states that a man-eating tiger, long the terror of the district, and "which has been known to attack a party and kill four or five persons at a time," was a short time ago dispatched by having incautiously put his foot in a string attached to a trigger that discharged a bullet which killed him. The trap seems to be an admirable invention, but rather disagreeable to set, for the bait, it is said, was a "dead woman."

A letter from Newfoundland says: "A favorite toast at convivial entertainments in St. John's is 'Death to our best friends.' However frequently the sentiment may be repeated, it is invariably received with shouts of applause and laughter, and honored by the fullest bumpers. A stranger, hearing it for the first time, might be shocked or bewildered by being called upon to drink such a heartless toast; but to the initiated it has a harmless significance. It is equivalent to 'Prosperity to our fisheries'—the 'friends' who are devoted to death being the seals and codfish."

Janesville, Wisconsin, is noted for its smart boys. The latest story is told of a youth of six summers, who was taken to task by his aunt for some supposed offence, which he persistently denied. "Now, Johnny," said she,

"I know you are not telling me the truth; I see it in your eye." Pulling down the lower lid of the organ which had wellnigh betrayed his veracity, Johnny exultingly replied: "You can't tell any thing about it, aunt; that eye always was a little streaked."

A fashion-letter has the following information of interest to those who are improving their grounds:

"Colored lawns are trimmed with white edgings; for instance, a green lawn had a bias founce headed with a bias band; a ruffle extended each way, and upon this a narrow white edge."

We are unable to say where these "bias founces" and "bands" are to be obtained, but presume they can be procured at the seed-stores or any establishment where agricultural implements are kept.

A mushroom will lift a paving-stone many times its own weight, rather than turn over and grow sideways, which it would appear so much easier for it to do. So tree-roots will throw over immensely strong walls, against which they have grown, though one would think the pressure against the softer soil would give room for their development.

The Turkish ambassador was at a public dinner in London recently, in company with some of the magnates of the land: the president gave as a toast, in compliment to his excellency, "The Sublime Porte and the Turkish ambassador." The waiter echoed it down the table, "A supply of port for the Turkish ambassador."

Amadeus, the new King of Spain, has found the climate of Madrid so trying to his usually robust health that he thinks he must spend the winter farther south. His physicians have recommended Malaga. The Spanish republicans advise his return to Italy if he has any desire to live long.

The following remedies are said to be valuable and infallible: for corns, easy shoes; for bile, exercise; for rheumatism, new flannel and patience; for gout, toast and water; for the toothache, a dentist; for debt, industry; and for love, matrimony.

Basle is reported to have fifty citizens who possess fortunes estimated to be over ten million dollars each. Basle is the wealthiest town in Switzerland, and men of two million or three million dollars are deemed of little financial consequence.

A gentleman learned in the origin of social customs was asked what was the meaning of the custom of casting an old shoe after a newly-married couple as they started on their trip. Said he, "To indicate that the chances of matrimony are very slippery."

A young girl in Malaga, named Anita Perez, has published, in the *Andalusian Monthly Review*, two novels, which the Spanish critics pronounce superior to any which have appeared in the literature of their country for many years past.

A clever repartee is attributed to the member from Mormondom in the new Congress. A brother member asked him how many wives he had. "Enough to keep me from running after other people's," was the prompt reply.

Dublin city is said to have been built in 800; walled in 838; stormed by Dermot, 1171; fresh charter granted, 1178; castle built in 1290; university founded, 1691; students admitted, January, 1894.

Mayne Reid's novels are exceedingly popular in France. Three years ago the imperial Minister of Public Instruction ordered copies of them to be published for the public libraries of the communes.

Bishop Colenso, who has become as radical as his friend Miss Cobbe, prefaces the reading of the Creed with the declaration that he does not believe it, but reads it as an officer of the queen!

"A young Shakeress" says, in a note, that the assertion often made that the Shaker males hate the females, and *vice versa*, is not true, "for we love each other better than we can express."

Old Moneybags says that a girl with an income of three thousand dollars a year or more is always an object of interest, because she has so much principal.

A clergyman in the West seeks damages of a journal which published a report of his lecture, "Mind and Matter," under the head of "Wind and Water."

There are in the world about one hundred and twenty thousand miles of railway, that have cost ten billion dollars, and give employment to over one million persons.

What is the use of women trying to assert their equality with men, when the court reports of every city establish the fact that a man can beat his wife?

There are said to be millions of pounds of fossil ivory in Alaska. It is of excellent quality, and is worth a dollar a pound in San Francisco.

Madame Gerolt, wife of the Prussian minister, has resided, it is said, for thirty years in Washington, and thinks it one of the most delightful cities in the world.

When does rain become too familiar to a lady? When it begins to patter on the back.

In the Louisiana State-prison prisoners are always washed before they are ironed. Of course.

All the pews in Grace Church, New York—over two hundred—are now leased, for the first time in twenty-five years.

The total expenditure in Europe for education, science, and art, is more than one hundred million dollars per year.

The announcement is made that the single eye-glass has entirely disappeared from good society.

What is that which is so brittle that if you name it you are sure to break it? Silence.

What's the difference between my mother's brother and my mother's sister? One's my uncle and the other isn't (aunt).

Queen Victoria is said to have grown uncomfortable stout during her recent long retirement.

In Colorado there are many men of many mines.

The greatest nutmeg ever known met with a grater.

What causes a cold, cures a cold, and fees the doctor? A draft.

Brigham Young has buried twenty-seven mothers-in-law in five years.

Cotton was first planted in the United States in 1759.

#### The Museum.

THE Papuans of New Guinea are, as a race, very fine examples of savage humanity, tall, well-shaped, and powerful. They are remarkable for two physical peculiarities—one, a roughness of the skin; the other, the growth of the hair. They are very proud of their hair, and will seldom cut it off; but as, if left untrained, it would fall over the eyes, they have various modes of dressing it, in most cases making it stand out at right angles from the head. The color of their skin is a very dark chocolate, inclined to black, but having nothing in common with the deep, shining black of the negro. Their features are large and tolerably well made. Dress is not used by the men, who, however, wear plenty of ornaments. They mostly have a belt made of plaited leaves or rushes, about five inches wide, and so long that, when tied together behind, the ends hang down for a foot or so. Some of them adorn this belt with a large white shell, placed exactly in the middle. Ear-rings of

plaited rattan, necklaces, and bracelets, are worn by nearly all. Some of them wear a very ingenious armlet, several inches in width, made of plaited rattan, and fitted so tightly to the limb that, when a native wishes to take it off for sale, he is obliged to smear his arm with mud, and have the ornament drawn off by another person. Their principal weapons are bows, arrows, and spears, the latter being sometimes tipped with the long and sharp claw of the tree-kangaroo.

The agility of these Papuans is really astonishing. Along the water's edge there run wide belts of mangroves, which extend for many miles in length, with scarcely a break in them. The ground is a thick, deep, and soft mud, from which the mangrove-roots spring in

such numbers that no one could pass through them, even at low water, without the constant use of an axe, while at high water all passage is utterly impossible. As the natives, who are essentially maritime in their mode of life, have

to cross this belt several times daily in passing from their canoes to their houses, and *vice versa*, they prefer doing so by means of the upper branches, among which they run and leap, by practice from childhood, as easily as mon-

keys. There is really nothing very extraordinary in this mode of progress, which can be learned by Europeans in a short time, although they never can hope to attain the graceful ease with which the naked savages pass among the boughs. The familiarity of these people with the trees causes them to look upon a tree as a natural fortress, and explorers relate that as soon as they have succeeded in reaching the villages the natives invariably made off and climbed into the trees that surrounded the villages.



The Papuans of New Guinea.

### CONTENTS OF NO. 115, JUNE 10, 1871.

	PAGE		PAGE
THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON. (Illustration.).....	665	FRAGMENTS OF TRAVEL. (Illustrated by F. O. C. Darley.).....	680
MORTON HOUSE: Chapters XXV. and XXVI. By the author of "Valerie Aylmer.".....	666	DECORATION-DAY. By Clarence F. Buhler.....	684
BERTHA'S LEGACY.....	671	OLD-FASHIONED GARDENS. By Robert Morris Copeland.....	685
SOUTH-AFRICAN DIAMOND-MINES.....	672	TABLE-TALK.....	686
AMERICAN DIET AND DRINK.....	675	ART NOTES.....	687
THE DUKE OF ABOYLL. (With Portrait.) By George M. Towle.....	675	FOREIGN ITEMS.....	688
THE PALISADES.....	678	MISCELLANY.....	689
AUGUSTE BLANQUI.....	679	VARIETIES.....	691
		THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	691

A New Edition of New York Illustrated.

**D. APPLETON & CO.,**

Nos. 549 & 551 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Have now ready, a New Edition of

**NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED,**

CONTAINING

**ADDITIONAL NEW PICTURES,**

Engraved in the best style, of

**The Principal Points of Interest in the Great Metropolis.**

Pronounced by the Press,

*The cheapest and most beautiful volume ever published.*

Price, Paper Covers, 50 Cents.

Sent free, by mail, to any address, on receipt of the price.

**D. APPLETON & CO., Publishers.**

**STARR & MARCUS,**

22 JOHN STREET, UP STAIRS.

OFFER AN

**UNEQUALLED ASSORTMENT**

OF THE

**Gorham Mf'g Co.**

**STERLING SILVER-WARE,**

Comprising all their newest and most desirable patterns in Dinner, Tea, and Dessert Services, as well as Table Silver of endless variety. The experience of forty years, as Practical Silversmiths, has won for the goods of their manufacture a REPUTATION UNAPPROACHED BY ANY OTHER HOUSE.

The Gorham Factory possesses all the newest and most ingenious labor-saving machinery, employing hundreds of hands, skilled in designing, modelling, and finishing, thereby PRODUCING IN LARGE QUANTITIES, ON THE MOST ECONOMICAL BASIS, goods beautiful in design, and of unsurpassed finish, which are guaranteed of sterling purity by United States Mint Assay.

A complete assortment of Gorham Electroplate on Nickel Silver, at prices established by the Company.